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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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HARVARD COLLEGE
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NOTES AND COMMENTS

APRIL, 1918

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The Lights and Shadows of Theosophy

"The Knowers of the Eternal tell of the Light and the Shadow . . .":—*Katha Upanishad.*

MAKING a comparison between Eastern and Western Psychology, last summer, the writer retold an ancient tale from the Chhandogya Upanishad which records that "the Devas and the Asuras,—the angels and the demons—both of them sprung from the Lord of Beings, strove together." That self-same struggle has, we believe, continued ever since.

A great many times, in the long cycle of Theosophical writings, it has been pretty plainly said that, at the recurring periods when Cyclic Law makes it possible for the Masters of Wisdom to open the door of the heavens to mankind, they invariably have to weigh and consider a certain contingency: the fact that, as soon as the Lords of Light have sent forth a mighty current of spiritual power into the world, the Brothers of the Shadow are thereby enabled to release a commensurate power of the forces of evil; so that every great spiritual movement invariably has its shadow; every revelation has its counterfeit. It is as though the devils, having failed to stop the spiritual outpouring, were yet allowed to handicap and check it, by instantly producing a travesty of it, like enough to deceive all but the wise, and so charged with elements of disintegration that, in its dissolution, it would almost certainly besmirch and discredit the work of the Lodge of Masters.

The Western Avatar gave his disciples the fullest warning of the imminence of this danger, this dark shadow menacing his own work, saying to them: "Take heed that no man deceive you. For many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and shall deceive many . . . For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; inasmuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect. Behold, I have told you before . . ."

It would be of immense interest and value to trace the invariable working of this law, in the case of each of the great spiritual movements which, having their origin in the Lodge, have resulted in the foundation of the historic religions; to see, let us say, how the teaching of the Buddha, that the lower self is an unreal wraith, was followed by a "shadow" teaching, that the Self is unreal, a teaching leading to the mechanical and materialistic cast of the whole of Southern Buddhism; to see how the luminous teaching of the great Shankaracharya, concerning discernment between Self and not-Self, was gradually distorted into a system in which the discernment between Brahmans and non-Brahmans led to the strongest and most arrogant priestcraft in the world.

To follow this up, would be of high interest and value; but, for the present, we shall limit ourselves to examining certain manifestations of the same law in the history of The Theosophical Society during the last forty years. When we have once gained a clear view of its operation, we shall find that many things, which may have seemed enigmatic and, perhaps, disturbing, will become very much more intelligible, and may even appear to have been inevitable. *Demon est Deus inversus.*

Many of us hold that Mme. H. P. Blavatsky was the fully qualified and accredited Messenger of the Lodge of Masters, entrusted, in the years following 1875, with the high and splendid task of setting forth to the world a certain portion of the Secret Teachings. Many of us believe that she accomplished this great task with superb courage, selflessness and devotion; and, further, with a scrupulous avoidance of any claim of "personal" authority, either for herself or for her writings. No great writer was ever more genuinely humble.

But just because, as we believe, so powerful a stream of the force of the White Lodge did, in fact, pour forth into the world through her work and writings, it became practicable for the Lodge of the Shadow—the Asuras of our Upanishad fable—to let loose an equal force, not this time of Light, but of delusion and Maya; to set up travesties of the Messenger, who, at first announcing themselves as mouthpieces, soon arrogated to themselves the authority of spiritual despots, at whose nod all Theosophists must tremble, as before the thunderbolts of Jove.

One well-known instance of this is Mrs. Annie Besant, who is the president of a society which calls itself theosophical, but which is commonly referred to as the Adyar Society because its headquarters is at Adyar, India.

This Adyar Society, which is a travesty or psychic counterfeit of The Theosophical Society of which THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY is the organ, is constantly producing little psychic counterfeits of some phase

of the real movement. Thus, in a pamphlet entitled "Theosophy and Pseudo-Theosophy," written by a member of the Adyar Society, we learn of a travesty so obviously a travesty that even the blind, who as a rule follow the blind unquestioningly, are forced to cry out that this must be of Satan,—not of God.

The writer of the pamphlet says: "You have seen in the August *Messenger* the announcement of the establishment of the Order of the Brotherhood of Service, of which Mrs. Besant is the 'Brother Server.' The idea is an excellent one, but one reads that members must pledge themselves to carry out the commands of the Brother Server without equivocation, and turn over all their property to the Order, to be disposed of as the Brother Server may direct. To take such a pledge means simply to recognize the Brother Server as an infallible autocrat, in other words,—a pope . . . ."

The writer closes his pamphlet with this paragraph: "It is high time that Theosophists, even at the cost of sacrifice of devotion to their leaders, should wake to the fact that the devil, when he cannot make use of the snares of the world and the flesh, cannot tempt with personal ambition, still has many a tool for turning the disciple from the Path, and I am convinced, this whole movement, backed though it is by Adyar, is one of them. It is one of the most subtle devices of 'Satan the Counsellor.'"

We do not think that disciples are likely to be turned from the Path by any such crude device as that! But we do know that the Powers of Delusion and Confusion strive by all means to blur and mislead the thought of the world, and that the existence of this so-called Order of the Brotherhood of Service will make it more difficult for genuine seekers after truth to find and identify the spiritual realities which such psychic counterfeits travesty.

Another distressing perversion of great names and great truths is to be found in the Adyar Society's exploitation of Christianity. By some means or other they have formed branches of the "Old Catholic Church," an entirely respectable organization, the headquarters of which is in Holland. These branches, once established, seem in no way to be under the control of the Dutch hierarchy. In any case, Adyar has provided itself with Bishops, Priests and Deacons. We read of "Bishop" C. W. Leadbeater and of "Bishop" Wedgwood, of the Adyar Old Catholic Church, both of whom seem to officiate in America as well as in England. In all our experience we have rarely if ever heard of such vulgar and degrading travesties of religion as these representatives of Adyar are producing.

The writer of the pamphlet already quoted (and for his own sake, as for the sake of the protest he is making, we must regret his style),

begins his exposition of what he imagines to be new tendencies in the Adyar Society, by criticizing one of "Bishop" Wedgwood's lectures. He writes: "I myself heard him describe the process of spiritual rain-making, by which a properly 'ordained' priest, who has been spiritually vaccinated by some other priest—he assured us that this was necessary, but that the private character of the man was a minor consideration—can, by clothing himself in certain vestments adorned with brass fringes and ornaments for 'conducting the current' and by repeating certain prescribed formulas, produce a rain of spiritual power which would 'affect people for miles around,' including those engaged in secular pursuits at the time. I have always heard that God sends his rain on the just and the unjust, but this is the first time I have heard it seriously claimed by one pretending to be a Theosophist that he does so at the instigation of a man in livery . . ."

We take the same exception to the tone of the following passage, though, as the writer is a member of the Adyar Society, it is inevitable, perhaps, that his style should be as it is. "It need hardly be pointed out," he writes, "that this method of having an 'ordained' person dress up in colors and repeat rituals in order to get the Divine Cow to let down its milk for your benefit, while you go about your ordinary vocations and amusements, is glaringly in conflict with the law of Karma, which teaches that 'Every man is his own absolute lawgiver, the dispenser of glory and gloom to himself, the decreer of his life, his reward, his punishment.' I take it that while the term Theosophist is a pretty broad one, one can hardly be a Theosophist who either denies Karma or teaches some mechanical way of getting around it. That is what this whole ritualistic tomfoolery is for; to provide a cheap and easy way of dodging the results of one's own actions, of indulging in spiritual sensualism by bathing in a shower of spiritual power produced by magical processes, the only evidence for the existence of which is the *ipse dixit* of certain clairvoyants. I say tomfoolery, for here is the process actually described by the Bishop. The influence of the ritual pronounced by the ordained priest is gathered by an attendant of the astral or some other plane and carried up to the reservoir of 'power.' The power is then sent down through the priest, flowing along the brass fringe on his left sleeve and pours out of the brass ornament on the back of his gown! The Divine Love is clearly a sort of electricity which flows along wires. This, according to these neo-Voodooists, is Theosophy; this is the divinely appointed way by which the Lord blesses those who happen to be somewhere 'miles around,' instead of the old way of entering into one's closet and seeking Him."

"All of this," the Adyar protestant goes on to say, "comes from the influence of C. W. Leadbeater and other clairvoyants who have succeeded in deluding themselves and in persuading others to accept as gospel truth whatever they put forward. It comes from the tendency to take up

psychism and to preach it on every possible occasion, and to neglect the teachings and warning of the Founder of the Society and of books like *Light on the Path,* and, I may add, of the New Testament likewise . . . I have quite a little to do with the circulation of Theosophical literature and I know just what sort of stuff Theosophists read and are advising others to read. . . . You simply can't get them to read anything worth while. [And again the QUARTERLY must protest against such misuse of the words Theosophy and Theosophists]. They are after three things: knowledge (supposed) of the invisible world; learning how to become Invisible Helpers, which means doing while you are asleep what you are too lazy or selfish to do while you are awake; and finding some new and easy way of feeling good and happy. According to recent announcements, Bishop Leadbeater—for he is now a Bishop of the Old Catholic Church as well as a leader of the (Adyar) T. S.—is prepared to furnish the various centers of the Star in the East with a very effective ritual. . . ."

But, lest we be accused of forming our view of this new movement in the Adyar Society from a criticism of it which is evidently not too friendly, we shall quote one or two passages from a pamphlet on "The Occult Investigation of the Mass and Anglican Orders, by the Rt. Rev. C. W. Leadbeater," which has recently been distributed among the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

"We who are students," says "Bishop" Leadbeater, "have often heard of the great reservoir of force which is constantly being filled by the Spiritual Hierarchy in order that its contents may be utilized by members of the Adept Hierarchy and Their pupils for the helping of the evolution of mankind. The arrangement made by the Christ with regard to His religion was that a kind of special compartment of that reservoir should be reserved for its use, and that a certain set of officials should be empowered by the use of certain special ceremonies, certain words and signs of power, to draw upon it for the spiritual benefit of their people. The scheme adopted for passing on the power is called ordination. . . ."

One passage more: "Bishop" Leadbeater tells us that his attention was first called to the magical distribution of divine power "by the celebration of the Mass in a Roman Catholic Church in a little village in Sicily. Those who know that most beautiful of islands will understand that one does not meet with the Roman Catholic Church there in its most intellectual form, and neither the priest nor the people could be described as especially highly developed; yet the quite ordinary celebration of the Mass was a magnificent display of the application of occult force. At the moment of the consecration the Host glowed with the most dazzling brightness; it became in fact a veritable sun to the eye of the clairvoyant, and as the priest lifted it above the heads of the people I noticed two distinct varieties of

spiritual force poured forth from it, which might perhaps be taken as roughly corresponding to the light of the sun and the streamers of his corona. . . ." "Bishop" Leadbeater goes on to describe the effect of these forces on "the three higher subdivisions of the mental world, the first, second and third subdivisions of the astral," and even the causal bodies, of the Sicilians. . . .

Now having our material before us, let us draw from it a certain number of conclusions. In the first place, we cannot fail to be struck with the fact that, while pretending to describe a spiritual process, this "vision" is, in reality, extravagantly materialistic; what is seen, is seen through a dense, distorting psychic veil; or, more accurately, what is seen, is not a spiritual reality, but a grotesque fancy, a nightmare dreamed upside down and backwards, amid the waves of the psychic sea. There is not in it a grain of real spirituality; there is nothing in it that could conceivably arouse a true spiritual impulse or inspiration.

One result of such a travesty must necessarily be to bring discredit on the name "theosophical," and, in that way, to render measurably more difficult the work of The Theosophical Society and the genuine attempts being made to show, in the Light of Theosophy, the deeper side of Christian teaching. And this, in our view, is exactly the purpose of the Powers of the Shadow, of the Brood of Confusion. Perpetually they foster and strengthen these psychic counterfeits of the teachings given forth by the Masters of Light.

Particularly in recent years, invaluable light has been thrown upon the doctrine and purposes of the Western Avatar. Those whose memory of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY goes back far enough, will remember that, perhaps a decade ago, a concerted effort was made to realize one of the ideals implicit in the Theosophical platform. We have, from the beginning of The Theosophical Society in 1875, advocated and practised the comparative study of all religions. In the old days, the formula was: "Aryan and other Eastern religions"; the purpose of this phrasing being, to turn the main attention of Theosophical students away from Christianity to the great religions of Egypt, India, China, Persia. And for this reason: only by thus renovating their religious sense, so to speak, could these Theosophical students possibly bring clear and fresh minds to the study of Christianity.

In the year 1895, our Second Object was re-worded, thus: "the study of ancient and modern religions"; the significance of the change probably being that, after The Theosophical Society had completed the first twenty years of its eventful life, the process of renovating the religious sense of Theosophical students had been so far completed, that a fuller attention

might now be paid to the study of Christianity, not only with a fair hope of avoiding the pitfalls dug by old mental habits and prejudices, but with a still larger hope of reaching very definite and affirmative results.

Some ten or a dozen years ago, the tendency thus indicated began to bear fruit; and those who have followed THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY through this somewhat protracted period will remember that much has been said of the Western Avatar; of the place which his work holds, in the larger work of the Lodge; of the relation of the Christian Orders and Rules to the training of Chelas; and much more, supported at every point by explicit quotations from *The Secret Doctrine*. For in the pages of that wonderful book, Mme. H. P. Blavatsky had presciently furnished all the material for the esoteric study of Christianity, which was in fact destined to take form only eighteen or twenty years later, long after Mme. Blavatsky's death.

One may illustrate this prescient provision of material by quoting a few sentences from *The Secret Doctrine* (edition of 1888, Vol. I, page 574): "This was known to every high Initiate in every age and in every country; 'I and my Father are one,' said Jesus (John x. 30). When He is made to say, elsewhere (xx. 17): 'I ascend to *my* Father and *your* Father,' it meant that which has just been stated. It was simply to show that the group of His disciples and followers attracted to Him belonged to the same Dhyani Buddha, 'Star,' or 'Father,' again of the same planetary realm, as He did."

More than may at first sight appear, concerning the Western Avatar and his work, is implied in this brief passage; but a wise pondering over it, and a careful study of many kindred passages in *The Secret Doctrine,* will reveal much to the thoughtful student, concerning the place of the Western Avatar in the Lodge—and, incidentally, concerning Mme. H. P. Blavatsky's clear understanding and revelation of that place and work, a work which, as in the case of every Member of the Lodge of Masters, is of necessity continuous—is, in fact, going on now.

So it comes that, during the last ten or twelve years, as an essential part of the work for which The Theosophical Society was founded, much has been brought to light, much has been accomplished. Inevitably, therefore, the dark shadow appears, the travesty, the counterfeit, the Maya unfolded and developed by the Powers that make for confusion,—perversions of Theosophy, perversions of Christianity, and perversions of the real developments taking place within the Church Universal, in which certain members of The Theosophical Society are playing a vital part; developments to which attention has been called in THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY—at least in such a manner that those who have the knowledge or intuition could divine the nature of the information being conveyed.

LODGE DIALOGUES

D. R. T.: Now you may ask your question, Little One.

L. O.: I have two questions.

D. R. T.: Ask me the first one.

L. O.: I want to know how, in the outer world, where the clouds of illusion are forever circling and whirling, one may preserve truthfulness.

D. R. T.: There is a greater difficulty than the clouds of illusion. In the outer world the minds of men are not one-pointed; one door opens to the east and one to the west, and so soon as one of them is opened the other swings shut, so that but half a truth is visible at any time to their comprehension.

L. O.: (*eagerly*): Then I would place a large wedge in one door so that it could not shut, before the other opened!

D. R. T. (*laughing*): Then the draft would blow out the little candle within.

L. O. (*after a pause*): Tell me then how to preserve truthfulness.

D. R. T.: There is but one way in which you can preserve it, and that is from within without—never from without within. That is why those who have no fixed centre of their own never can be truthful, no matter how hard they try. Therefore the secret of truthfulness is *loyalty*,—loyalty to your own highest faith and principles, loyalty to your chosen cause, loyalty to those who are part of that cause. If you see yourself, your words, your actions, only as they are reflected back to you from the surrounding mirrors of other minds, you will find confusion, multiplied reflections, reversals, fanciful vistas and superimposed images. Your own knowledge of truth will be lost in bewilderment, and beginning with self-deception you will inevitably deceive others. Closing your outer eyes and opening wide your inner, you will discover the facts of your own nature and heart,—relative always until you have attained—but real and honest of themselves. Loyal to these and to all connected with them, loyal if need be to the death, refusing compromise or quarter to all that contradicts and injures them, you will preserve truthfulness.

L. O.: Then of all virtues loyalty is the highest.

D. R. T.: The French have an old proverb: *Loyauté passe tout.*

L. O.: I have heard that Metchu Chan said that humility was the greatest of the virtues.

D. R. T.: No, Metchu Chan repeated the occult teaching that

humility is the foundation of all the virtues; the virtue without which all the other virtues are spurious. Think it out for yourself, Little One, you will see.

L. O.: I can see that without much thinking:—where self-love and self-seeking enter in, the virtue disappears.

D. R. T.: What is your second question?

L. O.: You are answering that without my asking. What you said of loyalty answered it. I did not know that my two questions were one at the root. When we had finished with what I had thought to be my practical question,—and I asked that first because I know you like them best—then I intended asking the question of my own preference:—Which is the greatest of the virtues, as the man once asked which was the greatest of the Commandments.

D. R. T.: And the answer, little brother?

L. O.: The answer was *love,* love of the Father, then love of what the Father loved—(*meditatively, while the other watched him*) and that seems so close to what great Paul said in his letters here (*indicating his book*)—"The greatest of these is charity."

D. R. T.: Go on, you are working it out. But you see this: Love without loyalty is not love,—loyalty is of its essence. Also you see this: Charity without loyalty easily degenerates. It has no centre or circumference, and overflows into sentimentality. Loyalty regulates these floods since it reflects the central sun; is the manifest that shines with the light of the unmanifest. Loyalty springs from the radiant heart of Buddhi, and is the enclosing sphere of all the virtues.

As D. R. T. ceased, the sun sank suddenly, and the air grew chill. They turned from the wide expanse of the desert. In the deep silence that fell, one became aware of the distant booming of cannon. The Little One turned.

Good-bye, Great Brother, he said; some day, when I have learned your lessons, I shall help over there in the West. M.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

VIII

DOMINICANS (*continued*)

St. Catherine of Siena, Part I

RECORDS of the Saints have this in common with the Stanzas of Dzyan—they are sealed to the multitude. They occupy no inch of the world's precious four-foot bookshelves. Antiquarian minds that stray upon such records toss them away as mediæval and morbid. They are outside even of the large and charitable circle of the cultivated man with his motto: "nihil humani," etc. The Rousseaus and Tom Paines and Piers Plowmans of history and of *belles lettres* have their own places, together with Napoleon and Dante, in the world's esteem. But in any usual History of Civilization, the great Saints, Loyola, Teresa, Gertrude, might receive not so much as a foot note of consideration. They are thought to be outside of life—mere stereotyped stone figures for the ornamentation of church altars and portals.

In a very limited sense, this judgment of the world's is correct. The records of the Saints are a portion of the "hidden wisdom"; they are esoteric. A special training, the equivalent, perhaps, of technical preparation, is necessary in order to read them profitably. As one begins to understand them, he understands also the reason of the world's disesteem. The writings of the Saints are not a portion of this world's goods because they are a bridge leading out of this world to larger and finer realms of life.

There are, however, exceptions in this esoteric communion of Saints. Two, notably, have been secularized—St. Francis of Assisi and St. Catherine of Siena.

These two names are widely known through that secularizing process. But the two Saints themselves are really still as unknown and as esoteric as any others of their community. For, just as a spiritual fact cannot be truthfully expressed in mental terms—the portrayal, clear and attractive as it may be, being *mental* while the fact itself is *spiritual*—so a Saint and secularization are incompatible. The secularized product may be a gracious figure, but it cannot be a faithful likeness of the Saint. It is easy to see how ludicrous the failure is in the case of Jeanne d'Arc, for example. We may be unfamiliar with history but we have an instinct that the masquerading suffragette is a wretched caricature of that divine Messenger. The present popular and widespread notions of St. Francis and St. Catherine are equally erroneous. Those Catholic and cloistered souls are accredited as "social workers." They are venerated as antici-

patory points of light in mediæval darkness, premonitions of the floodtide of science and sympathy that in our day has poured into city slums. The rescue of these two ardent Catholics from "the holy horde of saints," as Swinburne puts it, in order to present them as contemporary humanitarians is a falsification. It denatures them.

Until we study her life and her writings, St. Catherine seems out of place in the Dominican Order—the Order which has as its motto: "Truth"; and imposes upon its members the obligation of study and of learning.

"Truth" is the motto of many celebrated universities to-day. It is engraved on their seals and charters. It means, for the faculties and students of those universities, the sum total of things that the eye can measure and the mind compute. Generation after generation of professors and students grind away in libraries and laboratories upon the confused mass of things knowable; their lifelong efforts only entomb them deeper in the prison of materialism, and do not effect the liberation which the university motto promises: "Veritas vos liberabit."* It may be that modern Dominicans have not entirely escaped the materialistic infections of the age. Their long study of Aquinas's philosophy and theology may savour of intellectual rather than spiritual effort. The result may be somewhat barren. It is this prevalent academic conception of truth, outside and inside the religious Orders,—a narrow and distorted conception—that at first clouds our perception of St. Catherine's fitness in the Dominican Order. In fact, she is, like her own later American disciple, St. Rose of Lima, the inevitable blossom upon that parent stem. Her low class origin and her illiteracy may seem to separate her widely from the high-born and learned St. Thomas and St. Dominic. Despite those external differences, she is their true daughter and sister.

In the article on St. Dominic† mention was made of his and St. Thomas's method of study. They studied, literally, at the foot of the Crucifix, in conference, in *union* with their Living Lord. He was the "Truth" they were striving to discover—the goal of all their endeavour, the motto of the Order. St. Catherine calls Him "the Sweet Primal Truth." Secular learning is valued by the Dominicans because, when unpolluted by materialism, it is like rays of light that emanate from Him. Followed back, these rays lead to His centre; or, finding Him as centre, His disciple can then proceed along any of these rays free from the erroneous conclusions that invalidate so much of the work of materialistic scholars.

The latter method was St. Catherine's. She reached *union* with the Master through the Cell of Knowledge.

St. Catherine's Cell of Knowledge is an apartment of two rooms; but no wall separates those rooms. One is the *cell of self-knowledge*; the other, the *cell of the knowledge of the goodness of God.* For sound

* "Truth will make you free." This is the motto of Johns Hopkins University.

† Number VII in this series.

health, the soul must dwell in both rooms *at the same time*.* This double cell of Knowledge is a fundamental principle with St. Catherine. She repeats it to her disciples, and to people of the world with whom she came into contact. In a letter to a niece, she explains her teaching, without metaphor. "We cannot attain this virtue of humility except by true knowledge of ourselves, knowing our misery and frailty, and that we by ourselves can do no good deed, nor escape any conflict or pain; for if we have a bodily infirmity, or a pain or conflict in our minds, we cannot escape it or remove it—for if we could we should escape from it swiftly. So it is quite true that we in ourselves are nothing other than infamy, misery, stench, frailty, and sins; wherefore, we ought always to abide low and humble. But to abide wholly in such knowledge of one's self would not be good, because the soul would fall into weariness and confusion; and from confusion it would fall into despair: so the devil would like nothing better than to make us fall into confusion, to drive us afterward to despair. We ought, then, to abide in the knowledge of the goodness of God in Himself, perceiving that He has created us in His image and likeness, and re-created us in grace by the Blood of His only-begotten Son, the sweet incarnate Lord; and reflecting how continually the goodness of God works in us. But see, that to abide entirely in this knowledge of God would not be good, because the soul would fall into presumption and pride. So it befits us to have one mixed with the other—that is, to abide in the holy knowledge of the goodness of God, and also in the knowledge of ourselves: and so we shall be humble, patient, and gentle."

Her spiritual interpretation of the word *cell* does not indicate indifference to or condemnation of the advantages derived from a cloistered life within convent walls. Her choice of the third degree of St. Dominic's Order might lend countenance to an assertion that she disfavoured monastic seclusion. The Dominican *Third Order*—Tertiaries, the members of it are called—exists for men and women who wish to lead a religious life without abandoning their social or family or business duties. In the case of St. Catherine, whose life seems in large part directed from a higher plane, one cannot always offer reasonable explanations—the influence that determined her acts was sometimes from above, and sometimes it was a perfectly natural and legitimate influence of this world. Her family so vigorously objected to her becoming a Tertiary, and her mother made such constant complaint about her daughter's duty as Tertiary, that one can believe they would have prohibited absolutely her entrance among cloistered Dominican nuns. On the other hand, she appears such a servant of the Lodge that, the sacrifice of incarnation once made, it may have been expedient for her to live the open life she did. Be that as it may, she appreciated fully the advantages of seclusion, and advised many of

* "These are two cells in one, and when abiding in the one it behooves thee to abide in the other, for otherwise the soul would fall into either confusion or presumption. For didst thou rest in knowledge of thyself, confusion of mind would fall on thee; and didst thou abide in the knowledge of God alone, thou wouldst fall into presumption. These two, then, must be built together and made one same thing."—*Letter to Monna Alessa.*

those who sought her counsel to test their vocation in one or another of the contemplative orders. She instructed her close friend and companion, Alessa, in the doctrine of the *cell of Knowledge,* and she advised her to find an actual cell also, "that thou go not running about into many places, unless for necessity, or for obedience to the prioress, or for charity's sake." St. Catherine herself was in cloistral seclusion from her seventeenth to her twentieth year. The active opposition of her family to her wish for a religious life ended when, at sixteen, she was accepted in the third Order of St. Dominic, a Tertiary. Thereafter they left her to her own way of life. With the consent of her spiritual adviser, a Dominican Father, she arranged for her abode a tiny room in the basement of her father's home. The window was screened so that nothing of the outer world might be seen. There she withdrew even from her family, speaking only with her adviser, and occasionally with a few other persons at his direction. She left the house only to go to Mass. She slept there on a bare wooden board. She gradually reduced her food, until water, salad leaves and bread crumbs became her diet—though her physical system was also able to adapt itself to long fasts, unbroken save for the wafer taken in Communion.

This three-year period of withdrawal from all worldly interests and activities culminated in the event which is known, by name, to people of cultivation, because it is a favourite subject with artists of all nations, Flemish as well as Italian—the event known as the Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine.

As the vocabulary of the Saints is still a foreign tongue to many, it may be expedient to make an effort to describe, without metaphor, this very significant event, which proved a turning-point in her life. We shall find assistance for this undertaking in the life of St. Rose of Lima, a South American girl, part Indian in blood, who, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, moved by religious aspirations, took St. Catherine as her model and ideal. The life of St. Rose is a record of miraculous self-sacrifice and achievement that seems impossible and incredible, even repellent, to a mind familiar only with mundane life. The official judges of St. Rose's life seem to have been men who were versed in the Science of the Saints, and competent to observe and rightly to pronounce upon phenomena of the spiritual life. In the private annals of the Dominican Order, an opinion of St. Rose's contemporaries is preserved—it is the judgment rendered by the theologians at the University of Lima. They agreed, in conference, unanimously, that "Rose, by a most direct method, attained to the *prayer of union,* almost without traversing *the way of purgation,* since the Master had drawn her Heart to His own from her infancy." It is not difficult to translate these facts concerning St. Rose into the language of theosophical metaphysics. We might say that, through a pure Karma, the personal Manas, acquired by her spiritual Monad when that Monad was reborn on earth at Lima, was so clean and docile that its incorporation with the Higher Manas, and with the

Higher and Eternal Principles was an easy and speedy process. Through the high grades of contemplation Rose came into union with spiritual Principles. As those Principles are not diffuse and vague forces, but, as forces, emanate from Individual Entities, we may say that Rose ascended to conscious and direct knowledge and union with the Master proper to her in the Celestial Hierarchy.

St. Catherine's "Mystic Marriage" is only an effort to describe the *life of union* in words that may be apprehensible and suggestive to men and women who have entered upon the beginning of the Path. The three years of solitude in that basement room were a retreat for St. Catherine from affairs of outer life and a training for her in the ways of the inner world. They seem to correspond with the years St. Paul spent in the deserts of Arabia, after his call by the Master. For Catherine, it was a period of purification; not purification in an elementary sense, but in the thorough way suggested by the precepts in *Light on the Path.* "These vices of the ordinary man pass through a subtle transformation and reappear with changed aspect in the heart of the disciple. It is easy to say, I will not be ambitious: it is not so easy to say, When the Master reads my heart he will find it clean utterly. The pure artist who works for the love of his work is sometimes more firmly planted on the right road than the occultist, who fancies he has removed his interest from self, but who has in reality only enlarged the limits of experience and desire, and transferred his interest to the things which concern his larger span of life."

Many of her experiences during those three years are fortunately preserved to us in the letters she afterward wrote to other aspirants; when necessary, she corrects or encourages them with facts from her own training, though she usually presents these facts as happening to a third person. What a lesson in *purification of motive* is taught by the following letter! It indicates, without any uncertainty, that St. Catherine had progressed to the point of loving Divine things with an unadulterated love, free from admixture of self-love or seeking after spiritual things because of personal advantage they bring. The letter narrates that, to a soul in great distress and temptation, the devil once said: " 'What wilt thou do? for all the time of thy life thou shalt abide in these pains, and then thou shalt have hell?' She then answered with manly heart and without any fear, and with holy hatred of herself, saying: 'I do not avoid pains, for I have chosen pains for my refreshment. And if at the end He should give me hell, I will not therefore abandon serving my Creator. For I am she who am worthy of abiding in hell, because I wronged the Sweet Primal Truth; so, did He give me hell, He would do me no wrong, since I am His' (creature). Then our Saviour, in this sweet and true humility, scattered the shadows and torments of the devil, as it happens when the cloud passes that the sun remains; and suddenly came the Presence of Our Saviour. Thence she melted into a river of tears, and said in a sweet glow of love: 'O sweet and good Jesus, where wast thou

when my soul was in such affliction?' Sweet Jesus, the Spotless Lamb, replied: 'I was beside thee. For I move not, and never leave My creature, unless the creature leave Me through mortal sin.'" It is evident to what extent St. Catherine had carried the purifying process since she obtained the promise given to the pure in heart—"the Presence of Our Saviour."* The appearance of the Master to her and His converse with her was not limited to this one occasion. Her spiritual director drew from her the reluctant admission that the Master came frequently: "most times He came unattended, and conversed with her as a friend with a most intimate friend; in such wise that ofttimes the Lord and she recited the Psalms, walking up and down in her room, as two religious or clerics are wont to say the office together."

The famous paintings by Bartolomeo, Memling and by others have popularized this experience of Catherine's. But as we are striving for a clear understanding of it, let us go back to the account given by her spiritual adviser, one Father Raymond. Father Raymond received the facts from Catherine herself. One day, during her meditation, the Master said to her: "I will this day celebrate solemnly with thee the festival of the betrothal of thy soul." Father Raymond then continues: "Whilst the Lord was yet speaking, there appeared the most glorious virgin, His Mother, the most blessed John the Evangelist, the glorious apostle Paul, and the most holy Dominic the father of her Order; and with these the prophet David, who had the psaltery set to music in his hands; and, while he played with most sweet melody, the Virgin Mother of God took the right hand of Catherine with her most sacred hand, and, holding out her fingers towards her Son, besought Him to deign to espouse her to Himself in Faith. To which graciously consenting, the Only Begotten of God drew out a ring of gold, which had in its circle four pearls enclosing a most beauteous diamond; and, placing this ring upon the ring-finger of Catherine's right hand, He said: 'Lo, I espouse thee to Myself, thy Creator and Saviour, in the Faith, which until thou celebratest thy eternal nuptials with Me in Heaven, thou wilt preserve ever without stain. Henceforth, My daughter, do manfully and without hesitation those things which, by the ordering of My providence, will be put into thy hands; for, being now armed with the Fortitude of the Faith, thou wilt happily overcome all thy adversaries.' Then the vision disappeared, but the ring ever remained on her finger, not indeed to the sight of others, but only to the sight of the virgin herself; for she often, albeit with bashfulness, confessed to me that she always saw that ring on her finger, nor was there any time when she did not see it."

Let us grant that the *names* Catherine gave to those persons present with the Master need not trouble us at all. She gave to the spiritual individuals she saw the names that were most familiar to her—just as the Jewish disciples gave the names of Moses and Elias to the Masters or Chelas who visited Christ on the occasion of what is known as the Trans-

* "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

figuration. Is not the account a sober one? It has none of the high coloring of romance. Is it not entirely credible, if we believe in a spiritual world and spiritual citizens of that world? It would mark the attainment by a mortal of a high consciousness of that other world and of its people. It signifies, as in the case of St. Rose, the transfer of consciousness from lower Manas to the Higher Principles. Those Principles are embodied in the Master,—as the lower Principles, and those only, are too often manifested through humans. St. Catherine is told to act manfully, without hesitation, "armed with fortitude." She is to act for the Cause which the Master represents. She has become united to Him, her mind, heart and will, her entire life being one with His.

This *union* was achieved at her twentieth year. Her life preceding her seventeenth year was largely a struggle against the misplaced affection of her family—they opposed her religious vocation. She was the youngest child of a prosperous tanner—the youngest of his twenty-five children. As often happens in families, this youngest child was the darling of her parents. Her attractiveness of face and her joyousness of mood seemed prearranged to realize their ambitions for her. But to their gifts of ornaments and fine clothing, and their suggestions of a promising marriage, Catherine replied with the obligations of a vow she had made in her seventh year—the vow of a virgin life. This vow was made—she was ignorant of its meaning—as the result of the Master's appearance to her one day at the Dominican Church of Siena. That appearance was her call to the religious life. Her family tolerated her pieties and austerities—perhaps as childish exaggeration and folly—until these religious habits came into conflict with their kindly-meant plans for her marriage. To break her habits, and to bend her will, the family refused her any privacy, and gave her a servant's tasks to perform in the house; this was in order to deprive her of time and place for prayer. But she was instructed interiorly, that, even without a private room, she could pray in the cell of her own heart. One of the most sympathetic of St. Catherine's modern biographers, Mrs. Aubrey Richardson, suggests that this punishment was a "bluff" on the part of the parents—that prosperous tanners, with social and political aspirations, would not have risked the comeliness of their marriageable daughter by imposing a scullion's work upon her. Whatever their intention, however, Catherine accepted their commands with entire sweetness, and carried the religious atmosphere into her tasks, by playing that her mother was the Blessed Virgin and the brothers and sisters of the household were the disciples and friends of Our Lord. In time, the parents yielded to her quiet perseverance.

The next opposition Catherine met was that of the Dominican Tertiaries. The evangelizing zeal of the Dominicans had attracted her to that order. But the Tertiaries were women of maturity and were averse to putting their habit upon a girl of sixteen. They too finally yielded. Catherine was ill. Her mother had been negotiating with the Dominicans, and probably was not an over-zealous advocate of the daughter's cause.

Catherine alarmed her mother one day, in a state of extreme weakness, by declaring that St. Dominic would take her out of the world altogether, if the mother did not obtain the desired permission from the Sisters. Thus spurred, the mother gained the consent of the authorities, on condition that the applicant be not comely. The long illness had done Catherine the service of altering her joyous features, and she passed successfully the scrutiny of her interrogators.

Her three-year seclusion immediately followed. She was born in 1347. In 1367 she began to change her solitary mode of life and to go out into the world as a missioner of souls.

SPENCER MONTAGUE.

(*To be concluded*)

A Source of life and strength! Many of thy mercies do we plainly see, and we believe in a boundless store behind. No morning stars that sing together can have deeper call than we for grateful joy. Thou hast given us a life of high vocation, and thine own breathing in our hearts interprets for us its sacred opportunities. Thou hast cheered the way with many dear affections and glimpses of solemn beauty and everlasting truth. Not a cloud of sorrow, but thou hast touched with glory; not a dusty atmosphere of care, but thy light shines through. And, lest our spirits should fail before thine unattainable perfections, thou hast set us in the train of thy saints who have learned to take up the cross of sacrifice. Let the time past suffice to have wrought over our own will, and now make us consecrate to thine.—James Martineau.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

THREE times in my life a Hand has fallen on my shoulder and irresistibly pushed me where I would not go. The first time I was six years old, the second time I was sixteen, and the third was when I joined The Theosophical Society.

These letters should be popular with those writers who enjoy reminiscence for they offer an orgy of it, and if one is commanded to reminisce it is idle to apologize for egotism—I want to go back half a century and talk about that first spiritual experience, the first time I felt the Hand on my shoulder, because, of course, I began to join The Theosophical Society then, although I did not know it. On my sixth birthday our Rector sent me a volume of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." It was very large and expensive, very purple and gold—my first grown-up possession. There were many pictures. Inscribed on the fly leaf were the words "To my little fellow pilgrim." The book was a door opened in my life. I finished learning to read on it. I pored over the strange and piquing pictures for hours, till its allegory sank into my soul and became part of me. Then the inscription was my warrant—I was a pilgrim too! I decided to be perfect—there should be no more naughtiness, my burden had fallen from me, and sin was a thing of the past.

No one could now convince me that it was not a genuine experience —a call. For weeks and months I really struggled with my lower self, really gained some victories. The atmosphere of the nursery was not congenial to this task. A beautiful, amused young mother who disliked "early piety" and an elderly nurse who liked it all too well, made up-hill going. The latter (who slapped us, poor thing, when we could not remember "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild") furnished an impossible standard from a dreadful little book, in which a preposterous early Victorian infant, on a couch of pain, discoursed to its elders without let up or hindrance, of things in general and religion in particular. There was a peculiarly disgustful woodcut in front, in which was depicted, simultaneously breakfasting in bed and admonishing her parents, a little girl who robbed piety of all charm. Nevertheless, for a time I really forsook a life of open crime, really modified myself, really knew what it was to be *happy inside*. Sometimes the inner happiness swept me along like a great wave. It was always easy to be good out of doors. There was a great copper beech on a lawn and then an ivied wall crowned with broken glass in the genial English way. Sometimes one might have soapsuds and a pipe under the beech tree. On still days the bubbles would float and float till they passed over the old wall and disappeared over the graves on the other side. Then in the beauty some secret was whispered, and help was close,

and life and death, gardens and graves, equally unterrifying. Surely that wind of the Spirit that bloweth where it listeth swept me then!

It is wonderful to look back into one's own childish soul and realize how much children know that they could give no account of. It is possible at six years old to be quite (though inarticulately) positive that one's elders are making a tragical mess of things, are pawing about among delicate spiritual mysteries with rude or silly hands, and that one is a pawn in a badly played game. In these days of fastidious infant psychologizing it is hard to remember that only fifty years ago most children were artlessly divided into the good or the bad according to whether they did, or did not, aggravate the adult world. There were generations of children at the mercy of kindly and well-meaning people, who yet held immutable views of God, of death, of immortality, that would make a Hun blench. The end of my poor little saintship came in one great slam-bang backslide. I always lied more easily than I spoke the truth, but I never confused the weaving lie of fancy with the unclean lie of policy—although at six, and often afterwards, I availed myself of both. The ruler of the nursery paused for no such subtle distinctions—a lie was a lie and the Lord abominates a liar. "What are bominates?" "It means to hate." "Not love me any more?" "No." I accepted my fate, what could I do else? It was long before I learned once more that the Master was other than a nervous, irritable being, whose love waned if you banged the door, and waxed if you kept your pinafore clean. So much for the first time the Hand touched me.

The next time I was sixteen and living in a boarding school, a well-meaning and, in many ways, an excellent school, with a high moral code and record of which it was justly proud. If it had stopped there and not tried to mix its moral code up with its misconception of things spiritual, we might have done very well. I remember best the awful Sundays, when, the blessed restraint of classes removed, our headlong, emotional principal had her wild way with us. One of her tenets, and a wise one within reason, was "store the youthful memory with spiritual words." This she did regardless of the youthful spiritual digestion. There were prizes offered to the girl who could say the whole Gospel of St. Matthew first; to the girl who could repeat fifty hymns without a break; to the girl who could best write the sermon from memory. Sunday was one long weary verbal competition. Even the servants came under the harrow—"Oh, miss! 'ow we do 'ate them 'ims" was the wail of the kitchen. Our walk through the lovely English village to the incomparable Norman church was our only interlude of peace.

England is the queen of my heart. I would have her without spot or blemish. When I remember what her Church can be at its best it makes me ill to know how far short she can fall. The living in that particular village was held by a bird-brained kinsman of the autocratic, choleric, godless old lord of the Manor; he was a harmless enough idiot, ruled with a rod of iron by his patron; if there were any hungry souls among

his people hungry they remained so far as his personal ministrations were concerned. Sunday morning service was a joy to us, but a sinful joy. When Lord C——— loudly cleared his throat and said "a-hem" it meant that something was wrong with the panic-stricken organist, or the scuffling school children, or the awed villagers. When he wheeled right about face and stared frowningly at the sheepish young ploughmen in their clean smocks, they visibly gave themselves up for lost; and when he gave three imperative raps with his gold-headed cane, we nudged each other to watch the clergyman start, redden, and bring his feeble discourse to an abrupt close. We naturally regarded the service as a dramatic interlude in a dreary day, but being starved of spiritual food in church and stuffed like Strasburg geese with it in school is not exactly the road to spiritual health.

Then, in the midst of all this, the Hand touched me again. There came a letter from a friend a few years older than myself telling me she was about to go as a missionary to Africa. There were a few words of grateful consecration, through which her joy shone like a lamp, and a prayer that I, too, might find a path for my life. I read the letter twice and when I looked up the world was swinging round the other way. The moment is indelibly printed. I can see the great bare school room, with its crowd of chattering, tiresome girls and distracted under governesses. Huge box trees crowded close to the windows. They made a greenish light, summer and winter, and we detested them. Suddenly I saw them for the first time and loved them—"every bush and tree's afire with God!" The girls had grown real—infinitely real and infinitely lovable. All values had shifted like glass in a kaleidoscope. A school-room maid came in with a great tray of bread and butter. This was always a signal for an outbreak of mordant school-room wit and tonight it was greeted with the usual bitterness. I did not join because I was seeing bread and butter for the first time. How beautiful it was! How good God was! What a world to wake in! I was limp with gratitude. There was no trace of priggishness in it—yet—that woke later—but that night I was newborn—newborn and innocent and I walked with God. Sudden conversion cannot be as sudden as it seems. That letter could only have been the match to light a fire my unknown Self had laid in readiness, while my outer self led the life of a rebel? I only know it happened and that for months utter rapture ruled me. Not only rapture, but a determination to change, to work with fear and trembling for salvation. Father Benson in his story "An Average Man" tells of a sudden conversion that surely rings true. In it the convert is also an utterly commonplace person, but something is done *to* him, an irresistible force takes him in charge, and for a while there is no world, no flesh, no devil—they are held back that an act of recognition may be made. Then they are released again that the conflict may begin—the conflict that is to decide if the called is also the chosen. But the shock of conversion is so dynamic that the most inveterate backslider must move by its propulsion for a time.

For many months I lived this wonderful new life. I formulated, and abided by, strict rules. I wore a footpath of prayer through the jungle of my nature. I aimed at perfection and struggled for it. The governesses were charmed—the most aggravating girl in the school had suddenly become manageable. The girls watched, at first with ribaldry, then with a sort of awed embarrassment, and finally with a frank division into those for me and those against; and a wave of religious emotion swept the school up to the Christmas holidays. These, my first real test, damaged me considerably. I wore my first trained skirt and was allowed to put my hair up and the world was too much with me. With the renewed discipline and social isolation of school some of the lost ground was regained, but not the first fine rapture and with each return to the entrancing outer world I slipped further and further. Backsliding is one of the saddest things to remember—it is so ungrateful and there is such a miserable sameness about it. The worst of all is the lying—the pretending to oneself that it has not happened, that the spirit has not left the forms. It was a great relief after a year or two to renounce the pretense and come out frankly with my new shibboleth—"With the best will in the world it is clear that I have no genuine vocation." After all a little moderation was best. I would start afresh and eat my cake and have it too, just like everyone else!

What a pity it is there are not enough saints to go round. They are such helpful people for beginners to watch. One saint might have saved me then. I knew in my heart that the religious life is not a matter of minor modifications, a trimming off a little here and adding on a little there, but a forsaking, a turning away from, a *volte face*. I thought then and think still that I was unfortunate in the so-called religious people around me. I heard the language of extreme religious fervor spoken by those who, to my cruel young eyes, were not sufficiently hard at work on their own characters. Over-emotional Sundays were followed by very peevish Mondays. I grew weary of people who could so easily resist *my* temptations, so glibly question *my* cakes and ale; of people who accepted the Bible with a mulish verbal insistence based on ignorance, and who, while professing to yearn for an eternity of bliss, clung to the things of this life like cats to a hot brick. I found an impudent formula for it all that relieved me immensely—"They spend their days resisting the sins that do not tempt them." Being young and silly I thought this was an epigram and repeated it *ad nauseam*. That I was not lynched goes to prove that my elders were further advanced morally than I gave them credit for. I am ashamed to have to tell all this. My heart melts when I recall how good they were after all and how much I owe them. But that is the way I reacted to them and in that mood I turned my back on grace.

Then came a season of being "clever," as one of a group of young people who loftily discussed philosophies, rearranged the universe, and tried not to be too unkind to the Deity. With many polysyllables we "fled

Him down the labyrinthine ways" of our silly little minds, as is the way of young people who think themselves clever. Dates elude me, but somewhere about this time a book on Theosophy came my way. I accepted the twin doctrines of karma and reincarnation with delight—or rather recognized them with delight—and then pigeonholed Theosophy as something that would come in handily by and by, when this entrancing business of being young was finished with. To "experience" was my cry, to make haste and get a lot of living done. Life took me at my word. Sorrow came and loss, as well as much joy; it is natural to me to be consciously happy and the faculty rarely failed me. I fear this is contrary to all accepted rules—that I should have been haunted and restless with the sense of all I missed, but I am trying to tell the truth, and truly my cup ran over. The Master was very patient with me; He knew I would come back; He knew that it was written.

About ten years ago a friend tossed me the "Ocean of Theosophy" with a careless—"Have you time to waste on a pipe dream?" I read, and once more the world was swinging the other way—it was the Hand again! The immediate result was a renewal of the old rapture, a setting to the old task, and—an orgy of books. The reading was not done for the sake of conviction—as far as I understood I accepted. I cared nothing about the squabbles of societies, or that my friends called me a Buddhist and many worse names, neither was I curious about magic and mysteries. There was one objective in all my search—where did my own religion come in? What think ye of Christ? The books I read! Christian apologetics are a branch of literature I abhor, but needs must when one's angel drives—what about miracles? what about creeds? what about prayer? With no one to help me I was in a bad mess. So-called occult books will furnish tons of rubbish. Devotional looking volumes with mystic runes on the cover were found to contain rules for adding to one's income; for overcoming one's fellow man with the power of the glance; for increasing one's social fascinations. Other books were quite beyond my understanding. I tried "Isis Unveiled" and decided that that way madness lay; I waded through various scholarly but unsympathetic books on Buddhism and found counsel darkened; read the "Voice of the Silence"—it might have been Choctaw. My husband said, "You have carte blanche on books, but I entreat you not to join any of these societies, I implore you not to discover that you are Cleopatra or the Queen of Sheba." He need not have feared—such things intrigued me not—the golden thread led somewhere—to someone—what think ye of Christ?

My debt to certain books must be acknowledged. The "Creed of Buddha" and Mrs. Besant's "Esoteric Christianity" both brought light. Two lines from the "Light of Asia" kept me happy for weeks:

> "Slow grows the splendid pattern that He plans
> His wistful hands between."

It was like stepping back a few paces from a puzzling impressionist picture and seeing the splotches of paint fall into order and beauty. Then the word "wistful" there, how perfect it is! Of all books the one that helped most then and helps most still is Charles Johnston's translation of the "Gita," with its incomparable commentary. Here was struck the note that my soul longed for—not the *difference* but the *likeness*; not new dispensations, but one eternal divine intention; the certainty that for us men and our salvation God ever becomes man that man may grow to God. God bless those who bring us the old, old scriptures and show us that God has always "so loved" the happy world.

There are more ways than one of being an idiot. In all my new happiness my cry of triumph was "Praise be, I don't have to *join* anything." I had watched so many people in their dizzy maze of joining and unjoining—this, that, and the other cult; had seen so many names signed, and diplomas handed out, and little badges worn, and withal so little regeneration, so little spiritual health. "As for me," I said fatuously, "I am a free lance." But God be thanked I was not free. The Hand on my shoulder was irresistible. The Master had prepared a place for me.

There is a beautiful house with an ugly door; nothing marks it exteriorly from its dreary fellows but the Cross it holds aloft; it is a school for saints. It extends a grave welcome to spiritual dunces, being used to them. It has no bonds—the ugly door opens easily, but the beauty of holiness enmeshes. The new scholar there, moving about in worlds unrealized, is apt to proffer what he calls "help." This is accepted without a smile, and his lumbering efforts are directed. Who shall say what magic is in that house? Or what love? The peace that passeth understanding reigns in the dim basement and bare halls. One's feet may find on its many stairs the small old path that leads to the Eternal, and in the midst of it there blooms like a golden flower the Altar of the Living Christ, for that school has for Master Jesus Christ—the great Theosophist—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

It is good to be even the dunce in that school. There the age-long question "What think ye of Christ?" finds reverent answer, and backward souls are taught their letters. My prayer is that I may waste no more time, but that, even at the eleventh hour, learning to love much, much may be forgiven me. L. W.

"Let a man be true in his intentions, and the point is gained, whether he succeed or not."—Carlyle.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE

Part II.

THE problem of the history of Alsace and Lorraine is distinctly a problem of nationality. We have seen that neither race nor language determine nationality. What, then, does? Or, more precisely, what made France a nation; what were her distinctive characteristics; and why did Alsace and Lorraine share those, rather than incline to her German conquerors?

This question must receive a definite and adequate answer before the German claims about France in general, and Alsace-Lorraine in particular, can be met and refuted. Nor can the total irrelevancy of the German position be made clear without in some measure settling this question. Granted even, for a moment, that the racial and linguistic claims of Germany be true (which they are not)—the question of Alsace-Lorraine would still in no way have been settled if these provinces declared and knew themselves to be members of the French nation. That they have explicitly so declared themselves gives a final emphasis to this argument.

But the Germans will not state the problem in this way. They have systematically reconstructed and rewritten the history of France in order to demonstrate that in the beginning the whole of France was not merely German racially and in feeling, but also politically a part of Germany; and that as time went on, and the personal ambition of "German kings" in France led to the separation of French territory from the "German Empire," border peoples, such as Alsace-Lorraine, clung as long as they could to the German Fatherland, so that not till Louis XIVth were they finally torn from the homeland of their choice (17th century). This "German Empire" is the Frankish realm of Charlemagne; and the Germans claim that the Franks were German—*i. e.* of Germanic race—and that Charlemagne spoke German, and had his capital in the German town of Aachen.

If this had been so, it would still have to be asked—what made France different from Germany, and why does all France go back to Clovis and Charlemagne, Roland and Oliver, as the founders of their nation?

The answer to this question cannot be found with any definiteness by referring to the standard English encyclopedias, which are practically committed to the German interpretation of the history of France. In the *Britannica,* for instance, Charlemagne is described as king of the Franks and Roman Emperor, and in this article he is not called specifically German, the author of it being a Frenchman. But if we turn to the article "Franks," we find that they are sweepingly designated "a group

of Germanic peoples;" while the *New International Encyclopedia* speaks of them as "a confederation of Germanic tribes which appeared in the lower and middle Rhine in the third century after Christ." The inevitable impression from this reading is that Charlemagne made himself king over a confederation of German peoples, which first appeared on the scene of history shortly after 200 A. D. And the article on "France" confirms this idea, frequent reference being made to the German elements in her early population, as contrasted with the "Gallo-Roman."

This general impression is reflected in popular opinion, which believes Charlemagne to have been a German Emperor, and that somehow France grew out of the French part of his Empire. But such a construction of the facts of history is not accurate, nor is it to be found in the majority of French historians. Duruy's popular text-books of French history give no such picture. German text-books of French *and German* history do. And it is a fact that the German version of the early periods of French history have been accepted in this country as the authorities. (For proof, see the extensive bibliographies cited by writers in our encyclopedias and text books. Most of our scholars have German degrees, not French).

There is a school of French historians, founded by Fustel de Coulanges, born in 1830, and represented by no less brilliant and perhaps somewhat more poised scholars such as Gabriel Monod (d. 1912), Jacques Flach, and Louis Dimier, who repudiate this interpretation of history as "hostile prepossessions," and who try by a rigid adherence to the actual facts of history, as far as we possess them, to write the truth about early French history. The works of these men have never received much recognition outside France, though their accomplishment is acknowledged as "most remarkable," and as showing thorough scholarship. Fustel, to be sure, reacted against the distortions of the extreme German school too far in an opposite direction, but his research is substantially sound, and has never been seriously refuted.[1]

This problem, then, is not a question of championing France as against Germany; it is a question of scientific accuracy and historic fact.

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[1] Fustel de Coulanges, *Institutions Politiques de L'Ancienne France,* 6 volumes; *Nouvelles Récherches;* and two articles in *Revue Historique,* vols. II, p. 460 ff., and III, p. 3 ff.

Jacques Flach, *Origines De L'Ancienne France,* 3 vols., and *Les Affinités françaises de L'Alsace Avant Louis XIV,* the latter a very suggestive little book.

Gabriel Monod, *Source De L'Histoire Merovingienne* and *Etudes critiques sur les sources de l'histoire carolingienne.* See also two articles, one in the pub. of the Ecole Pratiques Des Hautes Etudes for 1896—*Du rôle de l'opposition des races et des nationalités dans la dissolution de l'empire carolingien*—very valuable; and the other in the pub. of L'Académie Des Sciences Morales Et Politiques for 1899—*La Renaissance Carolingienne. cf.* Leçon XXIV in Guizot's *Histoire de la civilization en France,* p. 249 ff. for the first departure from the racial theories supported in France by Augustin Thierry, Michelet in the first volume of his *Histoire de France,* and many other French historians. Fustel ignored apparently his predecessor Guizot. For indefinite compromises between the two theories, see the brilliantly worded chapters of Kleinclausz and Luchaire in Tome Deuxième of Ernest Lavisse, *Histoire De France.* It is this indefinite position which, reflected in the encyclopedias, probably accounts for the pro-German result. The Germans are never indefinite.

Louis Dimier, *Les Préjugés Ennemis de L'Histoire De France,* 2nd ed. 1917. This book most nearly represents my point of view on the Franks. Its basis is Fustel.

The basis of the feeling which persists today that Alsace and Lorraine are French and not German, goes back step by step to the very roots of their existence in the past. Rodolphe Reuss, perhaps the most eminent historian of Alsace, himself an Alsatian, writes in his *L'Alsace au XVIIIe Siécle* "It is not today nor yesterday that this French influence has made itself felt in our province; it was discretely proposed, then invoked, then imposed decisively by a natural development and, so to say, forced by the general history of the XVIth and XVIIth centuries. The beginnings were accidental, the first developments modest, and *the origins have not yet been sufficiently studied in an impartial and critical manner up to this time*" (1897, Vol. I, p. 42. Itals. mine). These origins, if pushed back through the maze of the Middle Ages, lead directly to the Empire of Charlemagne, of which Alsace and Lorraine formed the heart and center. And since the Germans with absolute unanimity proclaim Charlemagne and the Franks to be German, and therefore the whole bias of Alsatian and Lorraine thought and feeling to be naturally pro-German, the falsity of this claim must be exposed, as has been the ethnological claim.

The universality of this pro-German bias in America—the belief that Charlemagne and his kingdom of Franks were German—is the outcome of a combination of causes. The primary one is, of course, the calculated and successful dissemination of the German attitude. This has been rendered easy by the further, notorious, fact that American scholars have received their training in German universities, where degrees are far more easily obtained than in France.

But at the heart of the Germanized formulation of French history lie certain facts of German scientific methods and scholarship which, once more, it would be well to realize. It is to the point, therefore, to survey for a moment the work of German historians and scholars, in order to discover the circumstances under which their version of history came to be written.

The traditional, uncritical belief which was held in France till the 17th century was that the Franks originated somewhere in Pannonia,[1] and were related to the Latin race. This tradition in itself is witness to the extent to which the French did *not* feel themselves to be German, and is traced all the way back to Gregory of Tours (d. c. 594), the great *contemporary* historian of the Franks, and to the chronicles of one who calls himself Fredegarius, and who traces them through Virgil to Troy (*Aeneid,* i, 246 ff. See *Mon. Ger.* SS. Mer. II, Liber II, 4a and III, 2a). Beginning in the 17th century, German research proved conclusively that the Franks first appeared (the usual word used is "originated") in north Germany, and while not Teutons, were most probably of Teutonic race. They thereupon claimed to be the originators of France, —and, through other tribes also German, to be the regenerators, and therefore the best, in every nation in Europe.

[1] Gregorii Turonensis Episcopi, *Historiæ Francorum,* Liber II, last par., sec. 9.

Now German scholarship, such as it is, has recently been in many instances the first to expand a given field of research. The search for and determinization of sources as the last word in scientific procedure, is preeminently a German characteristic. This natural mental process has been methodically developed into a science by Germans; and it has been carried by them to extreme and ridiculous lengths repeatedly, as every student knows. Nevertheless, it has resulted in the discovery and editing of countless invaluable manuscripts, and the resurrection of rudimentary information about the past.

In the patriotic reaction that followed Prussia's recovery after Napoleon's defeat in 1815-18, Baron von Stein inaugurated a collection of documents and sources relative to German history from its inception, which bears the imposing title of *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica,* and which now exists in thirty-seven large folio, and eighty-two, seven hundred page, quarto volumes, or one hundred and nineteen in all. This tremendous work, which is indeed a monument to German industry in itself, is a most important source for modern scholarship on related subjects, since it reproduces and edits manuscripts spread all over Europe, and not readily accessible.

But this work is typically German in its tacit assumptions and pan-German comprehensiveness. It claims to be an expression of truth-loving, truth-seeking science, unprejudiced and unbiased. But its motto engraved on a sort of heraldic device is *Sanctus amor patriae dat animum*—The sacred love of the Fatherland giveth the spirit,—truly a noble device, but hardly in conformity with scientific detachment. Indeed, Stein quite plainly intended that this work of scholarship should arouse a patriotic spirit in Germany by turning the attention of teachers and students to the greatness of "Germany's" past. J. R. Seeley, M. A., an English author, makes much of this brilliant idea. He describes Stein as "the regenerator of the Prussian Monarchy and the founder of the doctrine of German unity" (*Life and Times of Baron von Stein,* vol. II. Pt. IX, chap. II, p. 456), and quotes letters written by Stein explaining his purpose. To Count Munster, Stein wrote (Nov. 20, 1812), "My wish is that Germany should become great and strong, that she may recover her independence, her self-government, and her nationality, and may assert them in her position between France and Russia; that is the interest of the nation and of all Europe" (Pt. VII, chap. I, p. 172). In 1815, in a letter to the Bishop of Hildesheim, he wrote: "Since my retirement from public affairs I have been animated by the wish to awaken the taste for German history, to facilitate the fundamental study of it, and so to contribute to keep alive a love for our common country and for the memory of our great ancestors" (p. 457). The society to accomplish this work was formed in 1819, and Seeley points out that "the significance" of the above-chosen motto "can hardly be understood by those who have observed how new and fresh was the feeling of patriotism at that time in German breasts" (p. 458). Pertz himself, its famous editor, writes of his first interview

with Stein (April 18, 1820),—"he presented the idea of the undertaking,—that of awakening patriotism through a knowledge of national history . . . " (p. 461).

This spirit would not of necessity bias the almost mechanical editing of texts, but it does apply directly to the choice of manuscripts to be included. The interpretation of ancient history depends absolutely on the texts used, and used in a right spirit of proportion. No one could object to undertaking scholarly work from motives of patriotism; but to permit these motives to misuse or distort facts, and to evolve theories of history based on a desire to aggrandize one's own country is dishonest.

The outcome of the attitude of Stein and the scholars who followed his lead was that the *Monumenta* confound French with German history. Based on the false premise that race or language determine nationality, they tacitly claim as German history nearly a thousand years of French history. There are detailed collections of MSS. dealing with the so-called Germanic tribes which invaded Gaul and other parts of the Roman Empire; but there is no presentation of the long history of Gaul preceding these invasions. With the presence of Teutonic tribes in Gaul, Gaul apparently became quite of a sudden Germany, and the 1500 years of Celtic and Roman civilization is manifestly considered incidental and unimportant. At least, that is the logic of the selection of facts presented by the *Monumenta*. To gain in any degree an accurate or complete basis for the study of this whole period, recourse must be had to the splendid French collections, as Bouquet, Migne, Guizot, and Duchesne. The *Monumenta* are neither fair nor historic in their assumptions. Pan-Germanic schemes were afloat even in Stein's day.[1]

The fact is that Teutonic tribes were first known through contact with Rome *in* Gaul and *west* of the Rhine. The Merovingian and Carolingian dynasties covered in their northern part what is *now* the eastern and southern portion of the German Empire; but *then,* before a German Empire had been conceived, they were Frankish kingdoms carrying on almost continuous warfare with Teuton marauders and invaders. The center of these kingdoms was not trans-Rhine in Germany, but was in Gaul. The fact is that trans-Rhine history at this time was practically non-existent for the simple reason that north Europe was a wild and uncouth wilderness. As Lorenz and Scherer admit in their *Geschichte des Essasses* (History of Alsace) the clash between Romans and Germans at Belfort—then a Celtic town—was the first detailed and authentic history of the Germans, and "Here on the floor of Alsace, German History has its beginning" (p. 1). Be it noted that it was as invaders. France had had a continuous civilization several hundred years before this,—at base Celtic and completed by a Roman superstructure. German history

[1] Though source-worshippers, the German students of the history of Germany in Gaul (!) do not attempt, as a rule, to go back of Theodosius the Great. See any source guides, as Potthast, Molinier, Wattenbach, Ebert, and Gross. A study of this earlier period would detract from German accomplishment, revealing, at the same time, the disruptive and destructive activities of most of the invaders. *cf.* C. H. Hayes, *Germanic Invasions,* p. 7, etc.

proper can hardly be said to emerge out of the vaguely reported vicissitudes of wandering German tribes until after the break-up of Charlemagne's empire. The northern portions of this empire were Frankish conquests of Germans, whom Charlemagne clearly recognized as his most dangerous enemies. This northern and eastern section broke, or was torn away from the *regnum Francorum* after Charles the Bald (d. 877), became more and more German, and throughout the ages has continued to be France's hereditary enemy. German national history began long after French, and to add to this history that of all the countries fought over by German tribes would be as logical as to incorporate, let us say, all Chinese or Mexican history into that of the United States because our armies and emigrants once set foot on their respective soils.

The *Monumenta* have no more right to include this Gallo-Frankish period and people as integral parts of a German *Nation* (though they did profoundly affect the first Germanic Empire when it first took shape as the Holy Roman Empire under Otto I, a Bavarian king) than, let us imagine, a future democratic England might claim President Wilson as an early and illustrious *English* president, and our generation an English and *un*American generation. Clovis was as much a Frenchman of his time, and not German, as President Wilson is an American of our time, and not English.

To be consistent the *Monumenta* should have collected with equal zeal documents relating to other kingdoms, conquered and ruled over by Teuton tribes much more directly German in point of time and in feeling than the Franks. The Visigothic kingdom in Spain (507 to 712), with its high state of culture and civilization, and its splendid legal code, might have proved almost as great an ornament to Pan-German exclusiveness as that of the Franks. But France was nearer; the history of the borderlands—Belgium, Alsace and Lorraine—was always a debatable question; there was a semblance of fact,—in that the Franks originated in Germany,—to uphold the claim; and after all, the Franks, and Clovis, Charles Martel, and Charlemagne, *must* have been German because they were great;—so all these reasons led to the assumption being made automatically and almost unconsciously, as it were, that with the Franks France was German. And there has been an endless output of "scholarship" to prove this impossible hypothesis. German vanity could not bear to part with nearly a thousand years of what she calls her history, and particularly to yield that history, with all its great personages, to France.

But the facts are against her. French national spirit was born when Roman genius unified her Celtic civilization. It was the first in Europe in point of time and in point of civilization; and the German was, and is, the last.

We have instanced the *Monumenta* as typical of German Egotism because it is merely a skeleton of history, with practically no opinions expressed. But German histories prove the case by the very use they make of the *Monumenta* and by their outspoken, unblushing pro-German bias. Dahn's eleven volumes on *Konige der Germanen* is an accomplished

example. Wetzer and Welte's *Kirchenlexicon* speaks of Charlemagne directly as the first great German Emperor. Instances such as this might be multiplied to the limit of one's reading capacity of German histories. They are all alike in kind, differing amongst themselves only in degree.[1]

This German interpretation of French history has for some reason never been offset in the popular belief either by the French histories, or by an adequate study of the facts. Popular books as well as school histories and encyclopedias are responsible for this in part. Bryce, in his *Holy Roman Empire,* describes the Franks in the same terms as the Saxons, Alamanni, and Thuringians (p. 34). In speaking of the appeal of Pope Gregory the Third to Charles Martel, he says, "It is at least certain that here begins the connection of the old imperial seat with the rising German power" (p. 39). But the word "German" here is misleading, and the confusion is representative. It refers back to the original "loose confederation of Germanic tribes," and forward to the Holy Roman Empire as represented by Otto the Great, Bavarian king (crowned 962 at Rome), and his successors. Now the first reference bridges a gap of *at least* five hundred years, longer than this country has been known to Europe. During that time the West Franks had settled northern Gaul, mixed with the Celts, accepted Roman civilization, and became Roman citizens. Surely no one could correctly describe the product of these centuries in the same terms as the original immigrants. Otto the Great was possibly an East Frank of Bavaria, but was more probably a Swabian (Suevi). In either case, his generation were, comparatively, but newcomers from the German forests; he fought France for the possession of Alsace and Lorraine, with only partial success; and he did not belong in any way to the French people, nor share their already distinct national traditions. And he lived two hundred years after Charles Martel.

Such loose uses of the term German are responsible for much that amounts to inaccuracy in scholarly as well as popular thinking; and the only excuse that can be offered for scholarship outside Germany is that preconceptions and prepossessions are the most insidious foes of scientific accuracy and judgment. Nor is there a more confused period *politically* in history than this late Carolingian. But the key to interpretation may be sought in the rise of national consciousness, which but few even of the French historians have attempted to trace seriously (*cf.* Monod and Flach, *op. cit.* Also Guizot).

The unique position of the Franks in its true light has few champions outside France. Madison Grant, in his chapter on European history, already quoted as saying that Europe had become "superficially Teutonic,"

[1] Cf. the quiet use of *uns* and *unser* in Heinrich von Sybel's *Kleine Historiche Schriften;* first three papers. For some of the most illustrious parallels on this phase of the German historians, see Müllenhoff, *Deutsche Altertümskunde;* V. A. Dederich, *Der Frankenbund,* with Louis Will's use of him in *Le Grande Encyclopédie,* vol. xvii; E. Dummler; Waitz in his eight volume *Deutsche Verfassungsgeschichte;* O. Gutsche and W. Schultze, *Deutsche Geschichte von der Urzeit bis zu den Karolingern,* 2 vols.; and W. Junghans, trans. by G. Monod under the title *Histoire Critique des règnes de Childerich et de Chlodovech. cf.* Fustel's acute criticism, in Chap. III of *La Monarchie Franque,* of Junghans' misreadings.

says with a bland lack of logic, and with typical carelessness, two pages later (op. *cit.* pp. 162-4-5), "Charlemagne was a German Emperor, his capital was at Aachen, within the present limits of the German Empire, and the language of his court was German. . . . Europe was Germany, and Germany was Europe, predominantly, until the Thirty Years' War" (1618+). His widely-circulated book was published in 1916, and shows the degree to which American science has gone to school in Germany. As an earlier example of the typical success attending Germany's method of popularizing the pristine glories of her "Empire," Walter C. Perry's book, *The Franks*, published in London in 1857, might be cited. This book is referred to in the bibliographies of German encyclopedias. "If the Greeks and Romans are rightly called the people of the past, the Germans, in the wider sense of the appellation, have an undoubted claim to be considered the people of the present and the future. To whatever part we turn our eyes of the course which this favoured race has run, whether under the name of Teuton, German, Frank, Saxon, Dane, Norman, Englishman, or North American, we find it full of interest and glory. . . . For many obvious reasons, and among others from the circumstance that the French preceded the Germans in the field of literature, it has happened that the great leaders and monarchs of the Frankish nation have been far more closely connected with modern France than is warranted by historic truth. It will be observed that in the following pages we everywhere speak of the Franks exclusively as Germans, as one of the many offshoots of the mighty Teutonic race, which for more than a thousand years has been steadily advancing towards universal dominion over the political, social and moral world" (pp. 1-4-5). Truly this "Barrister-at-Law" had learned his lesson well, for we read on the title page "Doctor in Philosophy and Master of Arts in the University of Göttingen"; and he quotes freely from the then published volumes of Pertz' *Monumenta.*[1]

How "exclusively" the Franks are Germans will now briefly be examined,—it being remembered that Alsace and Lorraine were for centuries Frankish territory.

Somewhere between three hundred and one hundred B. C., several tribes, probably belonging to the ancient *Istaevones* of Tacitus, settled about the northern reaches of the Rhine.[2] They were probably a vanguard which had been driven before the advancing Saxons, Alamanni, and Suevi (Sweben-Bavarians. *Cf.* Brockhaus' *Konversations-Lexicon,* vol. VI, "Franken"). The Franks, as they came to be called, did not

[1] *Cf. The Franks,* by Louis Sergeant, 1898,—a standard handbook. The author says that "the Franks were not a tribe of Teutons, though they were indisputably Teutonic" (p. 11), and he considers the Frank kingdoms to be Germanic. His book is typical; he has read the sources unintelligently, and speaks of their history as "rich in fable but poor in history." Monod, on the contrary, considers the Carolingians are "more clearly characterized than the majority of historic periods" (*L'Histoire Carolingienne,* p. 2).

[2] Tacitus, *De Moribus Germanorum,* II. *Cf. the Historiarum* and *Annalium* throughout. *Cf.* the monograph of V. A. Dederich, *Der Frankenbund,* esp. pp. 42-44. Also Waitz, *Deutsche Verfassungsgeschichte,* esp. Vols. I, II and III. Waitz is a thorough German. *Cf.* also summaries in encyclopedias.

actually clash with the Empire until 240 A. D. Before that time there were interchanges between them and their Celtic neighbors, running over a period of at least two hundred years, or about as long as the United States have had interchanges with Canada.

Now the essential point, and one totally ignored by the German writers as to its primary importance, is the fact that France as a self-conscious unit was already in existence at the time when the Franks finally entered Gaul.[1] The loosely scattered *Celtic*-speaking, non-Teuton, tribes of the first century B. C. in Gaul were by no means to be dignified by the name of Empire, as an over-enthusiastic Celtic scholar, M. d'Arbois de Jubainville tries to demonstrate;[2] but they had been spread all over France, Belgium and Holland, Alsace-Lorraine, and even well beyond the Rhine since a thousand years B. C., and had a well-developed type of civilization and religion. Because of this superior culture they had overcome and absorbed the primitive Iberians and Basques. The prominent characteristic of this people, and that which Cæsar noted, was their spirit of independence. Local tribes rarely combined, except for temporary confederations in order to overcome a mutual enemy, and were sure to separate in time. The country for that period was populous and prosperous, but there was no political stability on which to found a sense of nationality.

It took the conquest and co-ordinating genius of Cæsar to fuse this body of loosely organized tribes into a nation, and Cæsar is in a certain sense the founder of the French nation. By giving the Gauls the political unity of the Roman Empire, by making them a self-governing, practically independent group in the body of nations which composed the Roman Empire; by arresting to a large extent internecine strife and by defeating decisively the common enemy—Teutons—; by introducing Roman laws, Roman culture, Roman ideals—Cæsar turned the spirit of independence of the Gauls into the positive creation of a new self-consciousness of unity, power and worth. This creation dated, be it noted, shortly after 58 B. C. South-east France had been a Roman province as far back as the 2nd century B. C., and Aix had become a Roman center in 123 B. C., Narbonne in 118. The Roman policy of according complete liberty, requiring only military service and a tax, soon led the people to seek for themselves the superior Roman institutions, and the great *Pax Romana* followed over all Gaul almost immediately upon the successes of Caesar in the north and in Britain. Administrative centralization and municipal

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[1] Cf. Walter Schultze, *Deutsche Geschichte von der Urzeit bis zu den Karolingern*, Vol. II, p. 3. "Hardly in another province of the World-Empire had the Roman nature (Wesen) permeated so fully and so decidedly, had the native national Elements made themselves so dependent and useful, as in the quite late-conquered Gauls." But this admission bears no fruit; the Franks are "planted" in Gaul perhaps from the year 8 (p. 38), but because they belong to the great German stem, they are unaffected by centuries of Roman culture and Roman assimilation, they are still as German as the latest comers out of Teutonic fastnesses, in fact, as Hindenburg himself; which is, at *least*, the logic of his claim, and is typically German.

[2] Cf. chiefly *Premiers Habitants de l'Europe*, 2 vols.—esp. Vol. II, Chap. III, pp. 254, 297 ff., and pp. 386, 387. All M. d'Arbois' voluminous writings on the Celts should receive careful consideration.

autonomy, religious ties, brotherhood in arms, prosperity—these made Gaul whole-heartedly loyal to Rome for more than five centuries—or for nearly four times as long as the United States have had individual existence. All the emperors favored Gaul; Lyons, the political capital, became the center for the great Roman roads, Caligula visited Gaul and founded literary competitions there. Antoninus (A. D. 138-161) came from Nimes, Claudius and Caracalla from Lyons. The last-named emperor extended Roman citizenship to all Gaul, and the people felt themselves to be, and called themselves, Romans, and their language Romance. In the fourth century there was a "veritable renaissance" in Gaul, literature flourished everywhere, the best specimens being the polished verse of Ausonius and the refined panegyrics of Eumenius.[1] Christianity entered Gaul from the very start;—tradition declaring that it was the Marys and Lazarus who first brought it there.

It was as an integral part of this state that Alsace and Lorraine formed the bulwarks against successive incursions across the Rhine of Teutonic barbarians—who were still mostly nomadic tribes without history or culture. For this very reason, and because its own soldiers as Roman Legionaries defended the Empire, their patriotism showed more intensity, and "the Alsatian population lost naturally all independent political existence, and absorbed itself into the powerful universal empire" (*Histoire d'Alsace,* pp. 15-16. Rod. Reuss).

The West, or Salian, Franks, began raids across the Rhine about the middle of the third century, and finally were introduced, and planted definitely as a colony in Gaul, in the year 277. They lived beyond the Meuse, and on the lower reaches of the Scheldt, entered into alliance with Rome, became thoroughly Romanized, assisted the Roman armies, and remained a peaceable center for nearly *two hundred years,* while the great tribes of East Germany were in motion. It was from these Romanized Franks, at the end of the fifth century, that came Aëtius and the army that at last broke the power of Attila the Hun (451), and later Clovis, whose people, originally half Frank, half Celto-Roman, were and had been an integral part of the Roman Empire for longer than all but the oldest American families have inhabited the United States. "The idea of race," says Fustel de Coulange, "does not occupy a single place in the thought and spirit of that time, and we can practically affirm that it is absent from it" (*La Gaule Romaine,* p. 108). These Romans, for Romans they considered themselves, had all their interests in Rome, regarded the German influx of Alemanni, Burgundians, and Visigoths as their worst enemies; and it was as an agent of Rome that Clovis took up arms in the defense of his people.

The weakening of the Roman power and the withdrawal of Roman legions left these outlying people to shift for themselves, the Roman authority being loosely maintained at this time by Syagrius, son of a for-

[1] T. R. Glover, *Life and Letters in the 4th Century,* Chap. 5, on Ausonius, etc. Also J. W. Mackail, *Latin Literature,* III, Chap. VII.

mer Roman governor, over virtually the whole of France and Belgium north of the Loire. This power Syagrius had assumed on his own initiative, and Clovis, his rival and much the stronger man of the two, raised an army of maybe 3000 men, and in A. D. 486 overcame Syagrius; and soon thereafter made himself ruler of the whole of France.

Now there are certain points to keep clear in mind. These Franks who formed the first cradle of the French kingdom, were not conquerors of Rome, did not invade the Roman Empire, and did not break with the central Roman power, the Emperor. They were an integral part of the Roman Empire, which, because Roman troops and generals were needed elsewhere, had to protect and govern themselves. They exercised in the name of the Empire the military authority. In 476 the succession of the Western emperors ceased; following Gibbon we speak of the Eastern Empire, but in fact at the time no such distinction was made. The Emperor Anastasius sent Clovis the insignia of a Consul from Constantinople, which he assumed with great solemnity at Tours.[1] He died a Roman Consul. The Frank money was stamped with the head of the Emperor as before, and continued to be so until, in the north, Theodebert I substituted his name in 593 (which act Procopius called "audacious), while in Marseilles Clotaire II (613-629) discarded the superscription of Heraclius (610-641) and substituted his own (*La Grande Encyclopédie,* Vol. XVII, p. 1137).

Nor did Clovis convert Gaul to Christianity (Greg. Tur. *op. cit.* II, 30-31). It had been Christian for more than two centuries. Gregory of Tours describes the conversion of Clovis himself and the baptism of *amplius tria milia,*—more than three thousand—of his *soldiers.* The real significance of this act was in the deliberate dedication of France to Christianity, the acceptance of Christ as the real King of France. The Merovingian kings were hereditary monarchs as far back as we have any traces of them, they believed God to be the source of authority and power; and Pepin d'Heristal "each year, at the commencement of Lent, went barefooted in search of the hermit Wiro at *Mons Patrius,* where he purified his conscience and asked him, in the silence of a retreat, how he might rule his kingdom in a manner agreeable to God." (*Dictionaire de Théologie Catholique,* Witzer & Welte, trans. by I. Goschler, vol. IX, p. 153. *Cf.* also *La Monarchie Franque,* chap. II, of Fustel de Coulange, with the sources).

Clovis conquered in rapid succession his neighbors, colonies of Visigoths and Burgundians who had at first attacked, and then settled in, south-west Gaul and Aquitaine respectively. Both these also had been incorporated parts of the Empire for more than half a century in somewhat the same way as the Franks; and in subduing them Clovis not merely overcame hereditary German enemies in the persons of the rulers, but put a temporary stop to civil war and rebellion within the Empire,

[1] Greg. Tur. *Hist. Francorum,* II, 38. See Fustel's thorough and convincing study in *L'Invasion Germanique,* p. 499 ff.

and protected the large mass of the people who were Gauls and Roman citizens like himself. His real war was against the newly arrived Alamanni, trans-Rhine German barbarians; and he led a well-trained, Roman-modelled army against them. Their defeat was sealed at the famous moment when Clovis accepted Christ. Clovis was king of all Lorraine as well as Alsace, and he himself built the wooden church at Strasbourg in Alsace, on whose site is now the cathedral. Charlemagne rebuilt its nave, and Louis the Debonnaire placed it under the protection of the Virgin (Grandidier, P. A., *Histoire de l'église et des évéques princes de Strasbourg,* I. p. 154, 162 ff, and 258 ff.; and *Essais historiques et topographique sur l'église cathédrale de Strasbourg,* pp. 5, 10 and 11).

The impulse Clovis gave brought the whole of Alsace and Lorraine within the direct sphere of his influence, protecting them from German invasion, and establishing anew Roman institutions. Though Clovis' kingdom broke up into many parts, and the German invasions met with success at many points, yet it was the Frank power which grew, and it was the Frank laws, religion and kingdom which finally reached its climax in Pepin and Charlemagne.

The underlying reason for this is not far to seek. The great upheavals of the period were political upheavals. Conquests by an army do not permanently alter a race of people. The Frank kings and their armies fought with each other or with German invaders, as with the Danes, Avars, and later the Moslems; but though they overthrew the imperial administration, they did not alter the internal organization of the cities. As Mr. George Burton Adams says in his exceedingly interesting and clear, but not always reliable book, *Civilization During the Middle Ages:*

> One fact of very great importance for all this long period of conquest, but one easy to be overlooked in the history of more stirring events, is that the life of the provincial, on the country lands and in the towns, goes on much the same as before. He is subjected to a rapid change of masters; he is deprived now and again of a part of his lands; he must submit to occasional plundering; life and property are not secure. But he lives on and produces enough to keep the world alive. He takes himself no part in the wars. He has apparently little interest in the result; indeed, the coming of the German [include Frank here] may be often an improvement of condition for him. He had not been altogether prosperous or secure before. At any rate he keeps at work, and he holds to his language, and to his legal and economic customs, and to his religion, and he becomes thus a most important but disregarded factor of the future (Chap. IV, p. 76).

In the foregoing paragraphs an attempt has been made to disprove the German claims about the early history of France, and to show that Germany's assertion that the Franks are German, Charlemagne a German, France German, Alsace-Lorraine German, is a distortion of the truth absolutely unwarranted by the available facts. And these pretensions spring directly first, from the general extravagance of the German racial claim, and second, from the necessity of creating a support to inflate the

newly-created German patriotism of 1820, led by Prussia. And the result of this was to foster a colossal self-appreciation, with its direct corollary arising from the Napoleonic era—the disparagement of France. The quiet assumptions of German histories that the presence of German tribes on the soil of France warrants the appropriation of centuries of French history could not even be justified if France had been in the same inchoate and barbaric state as Germany itself; but this is not the fact. For a thousand years Gaul had known itself as Gaul, and despite the political upheavals incident to the German invasions, occurring throughout the Merovingian and post-Carolingian periods, Gaul remained distinctively itself, and, overcoming these disruptive factors, evolved one of the greatest empires in history.

Alsace and Lorraine, therefore, had formed this age-long association with France, and it is as such that they entered upon the long vicissitudes of the Middle Ages. Charlemagne's Empire was divided into three strips, running roughly north and south. The name Lorraine is derived from Lothaire, grandson of Charlemagne, who received the "middle" kingdom of the three partitions of the great Emperor's dominions at the Treaty of Verdun in 843, though the actual date when the Latin name took form was from the second Lothaire in 855. (*Cf.* for treaty of Verdun, Nithard, in *Patrologia Latin,* vol. cxvi, col. 45-76. *Cf. Annales Bertiniani,* an. 843. The Rhine, as usual, formed the boundary between Alsace and the Eastern Kingdom.) Present-day Lorraine is but a piece out of the heart of this great kingdom, which extended from the North Sea clear to the center of Italy, including the Netherlands, Rhineland, Switzerland, and Lombardy; though the "regnum" of Lothaire II comprised only the northern part of this Middle Kingdom.

The treaty of Verdun did not in the least degree separate Lorraine, with the Middle Kingdom, from France; rather it divided the Empire of Charlemagne into three kingdoms; and after the further division in 855 between the son of Lothaire I and his great uncles, Lorraine still remained the central seat of government and the residence of the king.

At the death of Lothaire II, Charles the Bald, king of Western France, received the throne of his great-nephew by *election,* following an ancient French custom. Since the Pope Adrian II sustained the cause of Charles' brother, Louis, called the German, the Lorraine bishop stated that the king of France was "the elect of God and of the people," their unanimous choice, the "legitimate" heir to the throne, chosen because he had Carolingian blood. So Charles the Bald was solemnly crowned and consecrated king of Lorraine on the 9th of September, 869, in the cathedral of St. Etienne in Metz, and was also recognized by Alsace (see the *Annales Bertiniani,* M. G., SS. I, p. 483 and ff.; and Melchoir Goldast, *Collectio constitutionum imperialium,* vol. I, p. 195).

Louis the German seized by force part of this kingdom, which Charles renounced in the Treaty of Mersen (*loc. cit.* 870), but the three original kingdoms were again reunited under Charles the Fat. This whole

sequence of historic events, culminating in the seizure of Louis, is considered by Germans to prove the incorporation of Lorraine into "the German Empire," though that Empire did not exist till William I created it with the help of Bismarck. If you dispute this fact—so speaks German logic—then in any case Charlemagne and his Empire were German, so however you look at it Lorraine is German!

The threads of the subsequent history of these provinces are so tangled that a detailed analysis of them would take several pages. Conflict between the sorely harassed French kings and their Germanic enemies led frequently to the erection of independent kingdoms, or duchies; at one time directly favorable to France, at others—the result of an *occupatio bellica*—under German dominion; but at all times tending to create one of those feudal estates which were the outcome of this complexity of peoples and unbalanced sway of forces which was typical of all Europe at this time. The Dukes of Lorraine became vassals of the Counts of Champagne. They were also, at times, vassals of the Holy Roman Empire for some of the smaller feifs, and by virtue of that feudal connection, frequently appeared at the German Diets. But essentially in their ducal capacity the Lorraine sovereigns were free. At the same time the powerful bishops of Toul, Metz, and Verdun were "princes of the empire on behalf of their ecclesiastical sees, and they were quite independent of the ducal sovereigns in the midst of whose possessions their cities were located." (Ruth Putnam, *Alsace and Lorraine,* p. 105.)

Essentially, the result of six hundred years, from 950 to 1550, was to emphasize in both Alsace and Lorraine two fundamentally important principles. The first is that the native peasants tended throughout to reproduce the original, indigenous Celtic and French stock, the German and foreign element fading out; so that Alsace as well as Lorraine in 1871 were less German than they had ever been. This follows well-recognized ethnological law, and accounts in part for the systematic way that Germany today massacres or deports the populations of conquered nations;—experience having shown that the native stock always reasserts itself in time to the detriment of the conqueror. The second principle is that feudal serfdom, and the incessant conflicts which perpetually raged on the land of these border provinces, developed in the peasants and townsmen alike a desire for complete independence from any imperial authority. Practically, this was attained by many of the cities or landed "free-holds," and the suzerainty of the Holy Roman Emperors was much of the time purely nominal. The less prejudiced German historians Lorenz and Scherer even admit this aspiration on the part of Strasbourg (*op. cit.,* 3rd ed., p. 221).; while there were ten free imperial cities known as the Decapolis, which were virtually self-determining bourgeois republics. A typical controversy illustrative in every way of Lorraine feeling, took place at Nuremberg in 1542 (Aug. 26). Duke Anthony of Lorraine, son of the René whose countship had been raised by Francis I to a dukedom, protested the rights of the Empire, and denied any feudal obligations to

the Emperor (Charles V); but rather that Lorraine was "free and independent" and would "remain so forever," which, to make it emphatic, is repeated three times in the text. On the payment of a small sum of money, this agreement was ratified by Ferdinand I; later again, at Spire, July 28, 1543, by Charles V; and renewed by the Emperor Rudolph at Prague, Jan. 2, 1603.[1]

In 1552, at the Convention of Friedwald in Hessen, German Protestant princes ceded Metz, Toul, and Verdun to Henry II, King of France in exchange for subsidies to carry on war against Catholic Austria. In the Treaty of Westphalia, 1648, Alsace was ceded to France after being conquered by the German Prince, Bernard de Saxe-Weimar *for* France, and in the interest of a Protestant Germany, arrayed against the Catholic Emperor and the Archduke of Austria. Louis XIV was slow to push his claims in Alsace, and his policy of tact and forbearance did more to inflame pro-French feeling than even renewed contact with French politicians and peoples. In 1681 Strasbourg, a free, independent city, opened her gates to Louis without resistance, and became under his tolerant rule a strong French center. The republic of Mulhouse, a part of Helvetia, asked, and received, incorporation into France in 1798.

This bare sequence of events does not indicate the strength of the pro-French undercurrent which had definitely set in, and which the successes of Louis XIV brought to immediate realization. These two provinces, when not independent, had been bound by loose ties to the Holy Roman Empire, of which the House of Austria was the head, and no portion of them made any part of the so-called "German Empire." This Empire, founded in 1871 by Prussia, had to put Austria out of Germany in 1866 before it cleared the way to the Rhine, and approached either Alsace or Lorraine.

In 1871 these provinces had been an incorporated part of France for over two hundred years; Lorraine fully three hundred and twelve (1559, Treaty of Cateau Cambresis), and large parts of Alsace since 1648, or two hundred and twenty-three years. Canada, once French, has belonged to Great Britain since 1760, or sixty-six years less than the least time which Alsace-Lorraine have formed a part of France, yet, said the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* recently, "In taking back Alsace and Lorraine Germany accomplished an act of supreme national and historic justice." (Quoted in the *New York Times.*) Would the world today accept a like statement as adequate from France if she were to seize Canada?

To sum up, then, the purpose of this section has been to show that

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[1] Heinrich von Sybel, the well-known German Historian, in *Deutschlands Recht auf Elsass und Lothringen*, extracts a diametrically opposite meaning from this text. He is certainly wrong as to the date, 1539. *Kleine Historische Schriften, p.* 470. *Cf.* the scholarly, careful, and able discussion of H. A. Godron in *Memoirs de la societé d'archéologie, Lorraine*, 1874, 3rd series, Vol. II, p. 252 ff. Especially pp. 277, 278, and 280. Sybel's work, published in 1880, written in 1871, is aggressively pro-German, and cleverly inaccurate.

the German claims are fundamentally false as regards their interpretation of the history of Alsace and Lorraine, and false on four major counts.

1. The affinities of Alsace-Lorraine are a problem of *nationality,* that is, of national sentiment and feeling.

2. France, inhabited by a highly civilized non-German peoples—the Celts—existed historically for a thousand years before the Teuton invasions affected the population, and was a self-conscious unit for half that time under Roman leadership.

Alsace-Lorraine formed an important part of this unit.

3. The Franks, who gave the name to France, while possibly of Teutonic origin though not themselves Teutons, were for 500 years an integral part of this Celtic civilization; and it was they, and not invading Teutons, who formed the Frank Empire and established the nationality of France.

Alsace-Lorraine was the heart of that Empire, sharing completely its national feeling.

4. The Teutons, who did conquer Alsace-Lorraine and large parts of France for a time, were displaced; and they were barely related to the modern Prussians, who in their turn are at *least* 40 per cent Slavs. It is the Prussians who for three generations have claimed these provinces for themselves on the grounds of their Germanism. The Prussians first entered France in 1792.

Alsace and Lorraine, then, by racial inheritance and geographic setting, first developed into independent national communes, with an individual patriotism, and a strong national consciousness; and, then, as time went on, and because of their long-established affinity with the French,—by temperament and habit, by mutual self-respect and the intimacy that is born of insight and understanding, by the need France had of a boundary and the need the provinces had of a Mother country, by all the blood ties created by comradeship in arms and association through long centuries of governments and peoples, the spirit of both Alsace and Lorraine grew into the corporate body of the Kingdom of France, just as had the Normans, the Bretons, or the Provençales before them.

ACTON GRISCOM.

(*To be continued*)

"In comforting others shalt thou be comforted; in strengthening others shalt thou find strength; in loving shalt thou be loved."—Amiel.

EASTERN AND WESTERN PSYCHOLOGY

VI

Salvation Through Love

WE have taken as a simile of the work of Salvation the period when, as is supposed, a multitude of living beings, that had hitherto dwelt in the water, came forth, in virtue of a tremendous concerted effort, an extraordinarily forceful response to the powers of Evolution, and, passing through the neutral zone between low tide and high tide, finally established themselves as dwellers in the air, in the sunlight. And we have seen that our problem is exactly like that; it is a question of raising ourselves, of co-operating with the powers that are striving to raise us, from this world of our material desires to the spiritual world, where we are to establish ourselves, dwellers in a finer air, in a sunlight that shall be everlasting. That finer world is there already; we do not need to create it, any more than our supposed aqueous ancestors needed to create the open world under the blue dome of the sky; and, not only is it there, but strong spiritual forces, already established there, are ceaselessly urging and aiding us to emigrate thither, just as the older forces urged and aided the water-dwellers to come forth into the light. And, as we have seen, the unanimous testimony of the world is, that these forces invariably meet us with the touch of consciousness, of personality, of enlightened and solicitous love.

The practical question then arises—and it is the only really practical question in the world: How are we to respond to these upraising spiritual powers? How are we to gain a hold upon them, in order that we may effectively pull ourselves up? By what part of our being are we to take hold? Or, since it is absolutely certain that the effective part of the lifting must be done by these spiritual forces, how are we to arouse and urge ourselves to co-operate with them, to such a degree as will make their task possible?

We shall find many answers; but, on looking closer, we shall find that they are all but variants of the one answer. They vary, because our temperaments and moods vary, and one answer will appeal to one temperament, while another answer will apply to another. But we shall find that what is actually accomplished, is identical in all cases: it is, to arouse and enkindle in us that divine power which springs from the very unity of all Life, from the oneness of the Universe itself; that power which draws together, draws toward that unity, all the temporarily scattered fragments of divine Life, so that they may once more enter into unity. It is said that love is strong as death; but this divine Love is infinitely

stronger than death, since death is but an accident of Time, while Love is an expression of that divine oneness which is the very essence of Eternity.

As these practical methods came to take form in the East, they grouped themselves into three "ways," with a fourth "way" which synthesized them, and brought the essence of them all together into a single "ambrosia," a single quality of "living water."

The first of these three "ways," as they are enumerated, is the Way of Works; that is, salvation through the perfect performance of all the Works of the Law, which include not only all the steps and details of the ritual of worship, but also the whole of the moral and social law, every part of which was made to flow out of, and depend on, the ritual of worship. Thus the whole life, and every detail of life, was made to depend on the spirit of religion; every act of life became an act of worship, so that all life, from before birth to the hour of death, and after death, was turned into worship. The ideal purpose was, in this way to make every act of life a conscious part of the operation of the infinite divine Life; to link every act of man with the larger acts of God, and, in this way, through infinitely multiplied efforts and exertions of the will, to develop and train that will at all points into active and energetic co-operation with the will of God. In this way, precisely that vigorous co-operation would be brought about, whereby we should help the divine powers to help us to rise to the spiritual world, to enter into the Life immortal.

This Way of Works, this doctrine of Salvation by Works, is, it seems, the essence of the Vedic hymns and ceremonies, which one may call the Old Testament of India. It is also, though in a less luminous form, the essence of the Old Testament of the Jews. And in both, the form gradually overwhelmed the spirit; the Works of the Law were gradually crystallized and darkened, until they became, not inspiring forces of Life, but "burdens grievous to be borne." The cause of this degeneration was the gradual and insidious infusion of egotism.

How was this corroding egotism to be conquered? The answer, in India, was: by illumination, by light, by the Way of Wisdom. The corroding force of egotism rested on a delusion. To go back to our simile, the beings which were emerging from the water had undertaken a series of efforts and exercises to urge them forward, to fit them to dwell in air and sunshine. But, their whole natures still saturated with the habits and tendencies of sub-aqueous life, they had gradually and by subtle degrees perverted these exercises, until they simply reinforced their water-life, instead of raising them to air-life. What was necessary, then, was to break up that whole mood of pre-occupation with the old water-life, and to replace it by a firmly held vision of the coming air-life in the sunshine. It was necessary completely to displace the sense of the self of water-life, to replace it by a clear and inspiring vision of the new self of air-life, the self that should dwell in the sunshine. So the Way of Wisdom, of Illu-

mination, was added to the Way of Works; the Way of Illumination, whose main purpose is, to enkindle a vision of the higher Self, a vision that shall have such driving power as will raise the whole life-force to that higher Self, or, to put the matter truly, a vision that shall make it possible for the solicitously waiting spiritual Powers to carry out the great transformation. This is the message of the Upanishads, of the Vedanta, which is, if one wishes so to call it, the New Testament of India. The Indian Way of Wisdom corresponds very closely to the Way of Faith, which Saint Paul so sharply opposed to the Works of the Law, whereby, he said, "can no living man be justified."

Another method, another "way," was developed in India, which one may call the Way of Yoga, the way of union with the Divine, through the development of mystical powers. But it is not really a different "way," it is simply a different presentation of the one everlasting Way. For, as we saw that the Way of Works, in its purity, means simply the blending of man's will, at every point and in every least or greatest act, with God's will, to the end that man may be blended with God; so the Way of Wisdom is an enkindling and illumination of man's consciousness, until, at point after point, it shall become one with God's consciousness, man thereby once again being blended with God; and the Way of Yoga is in no way different; it is a transformation of all our present powers into their divine counterparts and originals, whereby, exercising the powers of God, man is thereby blended with God. So all "ways" lead to God.

But, just as, in the Way of Works, a subtle infusion of egotism gradually perverted and corroded and, we may say, fossilized the whole series of efforts and exercises, producing, in its last degeneration, a furious Phariseeism; so, corrupted by the same egotism—the love of the old self—the Way of Wisdom was perverted by vanity and conceit, into a sense, not of the splendid vision of God, but of the superiority of one's own illumination, with a patronizing or a haughty contempt for the blindness and ignorance of others; and so, in like manner, the Way of Yoga, the way of mystical powers, tended to become a way of self-admiring mountebanks, of "Yogis of the market-place," as they are called in India; the whole assemblage of self-advertising prophets of the psychic world. For it is an inevitable law that this infusion of egotism corrupts the growth of spiritual powers and turns them into psychic counterfeits.

So the practical question arises: Is there any way in which this many-sided degeneration can be hindered? Can we find some new way of expressing the powers of Life, which shall fight directly against the force of egotism, a prophylactic against the degeneration which egotism invariably causes?

The answer, as India found it, is given in a quaint, old-world tale, concerning Narada, (the Son of Brahma the Creator), and that mysterious personage, Vyasa, who, it is said, collected the Vedic hymns and set in order the great poem of the Mahabharata, in which the Bhagavad Gita

is enshrined. Narada, says the tale, going forth on his divine way, visited Vyasa, the mighty Seer and Sage, who was dwelling in his mountain hermitage, the Ashrama, or holy retreat, of Badarika. With due rites, Vyasa welcomed him, bade him be seated, and asked him this:

"O thou Prophet of the Mighty! The soul of man seeks to escape from the grasp of allurement and pain, and craves deliverance from the bondage of this world. But the Karma Marga, the Way of Works, does not lead directly to the goal. The Way of Wisdom, Jnana Marga, truly does. Nevertheless, without the leaven of devoted Love, Wisdom accomplishes but little indeed. Devoted Love is the only true way of salvation! Therefore I humbly pray Thee to teach me the doctrine of devoted Love, the Bhakti Marga!"

The divine Narada, looking into Vyasa's heart, replied:

"Great Sage and Seer! Thou hast come down to earth for the redemption of mankind. Thy present question is inspired by that desire alone. Through thy disciple Jaimini, in the Book of Vedic Rites, thou hast discoursed on the Karma Marga, the Way of Works; and in the Vedanta, thou has thyself completed the inquiry into the Way of Wisdom. And now thou askest of devoted Love. Therefore I shall declare devoted Love to thee."

And so Narada sets forth "that Love, which is inspired by the enthusiasm of selfless devotion to the Master, the Lord." One version of Narada's teaching is found in the little tract, called the Bhakti Sutras of Narada, which follows this essay, and from which we may, in anticipation, quote a passage or two:

"This way of devoted Love (Bhakti) is higher than the way of ritual Works (Karma), higher than the way of Wisdom (Jnana), higher than the way of mystic Powers (Yoga). For, while ritual works, and wisdom, and the search for mystical powers have each a further goal, devoted Love is its own reward. And devoted Love is better than these, because the Lord hates the proud, and loves the lowly and the humble.

"But some say that wisdom is the cause and source of devoted Love, while others say that devoted Love and wisdom depend upon each other. But Narada says that devoted Love is the source and fruit of devoted Love.

"So it is in the King's house: there are those who serve the King as his Ministers, or for the sake of reward; there are those who love the King for Love's sake. And those who serve the King for the sake of a reward, neither bring to the King delight, nor to themselves assuagement of their hunger for reward. Therefore let those who seek for salvation firmly choose the way of devoted Love."

So far Narada, Son of Brahma. By one of those happy coincidences which wait on spiritual reading, immediately after transcribing these words of the divine Kumara, we came upon the following passage:

"The Lord being Greatness itself, he that succeeds in pleasing Him, possesses true nobility, and enjoys the most enviable favor in this life.

How greatly do not worldlings feel themselves honored, when they draw upon themselves some mark of attention, some sign of good will from a monarch, from some great personage! A soul in the state of grace should esteem far more the happiness of pleasing God. We can do so with a pure intention, and this is what we should wish most of all and should look upon here below as an inestimable treasure. And, in fact, our most ordinary actions being thereby consecrated to the service of God's infinite Majesty, become acts of divine love, and deserve for us eternal rewards. How important, therefore, is it not, to offer to the Lord not only our meditations, our spiritual exercises, but also our work, our leisure time, our conversations, our sleep, our meals?"

Is it not clear that we have between these two passages not so much a close resemblance as an identity, not only in the spirit of the teaching, but even in the details and similes? Yet I think that neither is the Belgian Redemptorist Father Bronchain under obligations to Narada the Kumura, nor is Narada the Kumura under obligations to Father Bronchain. But both are under obligations to the eternal Spirit of Love.

There is a very vital side of the Indian doctrine of devoted Love, which we may introduce in this way: Father Bronchain elsewhere writes:

"When the Saviour appeared on earth, charity was practically extinct, but He spread it throughout the world as much by His example as by His doctrine. His love for us not only induced Him to come down from heaven to perform a mission of clemency and forgiveness in our regard, but, during His whole life, He preached to us by His conduct the kindness and benevolence we should show our fellow-men. How tenderly did He not love His Disciples! He treated them patiently, forgiving their faults, instructing them patiently, putting up with their ignorance and defects, going even at night, relates Pope St. Clement, to visit them asleep and carefully cover them to secure them against the cold and the inclemencies of the weather . . ."

We have found that Works without devoted Love, Wisdom without devoted Love, the search after mystical powers without devoted Love, are all faulty and destined to fail. How is devoted Love to be enkindled? How is the revelation of divine Love to be made in such a way that it will cause our hearts to take fire and burn with the same divine flame? The answer, in East and West, is the same: by a divine Incarnation, an Incarnation in human form, of that very principle of divine Love, the Love of the Eternal; the Power, that is, which rests upon the everlasting Unity; the Power which, kindled in our hearts, will draw them into unity with their source, so that all shall be "united in the One."

This doctrine of the divine Incarnation, the Avatar doctrine, is the very heart of the Bhakti Marga, the Way of devoted Love, as it is understood in India. Many of its aspects are so full of wisdom and inspiration that it will be well to set it forth at some length, so that a broad comparison with the same teaching in the West may be possible.

The One Eternal (Parabrahma), says the Indian teaching, should be

viewed in three Aspects: the Creator (Brahma), the Preserver (Vishnu) and the Transformer (Shiva). It is the Second Aspect, the Preserver, who is manifested in divine Incarnation, the Avatar. Or, to give the same teaching in its Western form, as phrased by Father Louis Lallemant in his *Spiritual Dostrine:*

"From the three preceding properties of the Son we may conclude that it was He who was to become incarnate, and not the other two Persons of the Holy Trinity.

"God was pleased to be made man that He might make men children of God. It was the Son, therefore, who was to take human nature, in order to associate it with His own divine Sonship, and make it partaker in His heritage.

"God was pleased to be made man that He might give to men in a Man-God a visible model of a holy and divine life. It was the Second Person, therefore, who was to clothe Himself with a human body, in order to serve as a model of perfection to men, since it is this Person who is properly the image of God the Father.

"God was pleased to be made man that He might teach men the truths of salvation. It was to the *Logos,* therefore, that is to say, the Word of God, that it belonged to come into the world to teach mankind . . ."

There are certain sides of the Eastern doctrine of the divine Incarnation, the Avatar doctrine, which are admirably set forth in the treatises on Bhakti Marga, the Way of Devoted Love; and these teachings have been brought together by George A. Grierson, in a translation of the Bhakti-rasa-bodhini of Priya-dasa, which he has enriched with a lucid commentary, largely drawn from works on the Bhakti Marga. From this valuable essay, I shall draw details concerning the Avatar doctrine, without making specific references.

Each Avatar, says Priya-dasa, is a boundless sea of bliss, and each semblance, or form, in its whole expansion, was taken only for the salvation of souls. When the thoughts of a believer are steeped in any one of these forms, so great a devotion awakens in his heart, that it has no limit. Each incarnation, or Avatar, is co-existent and co-eternal, and meditation upon them, even in this Kali Yuga, or Age of the Devil, illumines the whole inner being. Nay, he who knows their essence is full of joy, like a mendicant who has found a priceless treasure.

The eternal existence of an Avatar is a vital point in this doctrine. It is taught that, when an Avatar has carried out his work and fulfilled his mission, he is not again absorbed into the Bhagavat, the Logos, but retains personal existence forever. Thus Rama-chandra, though he has long left this earth, is still Rama-chandra in Heaven, looking down upon his people, guiding them and keeping them from harm and sin.

It is taught, too, that, in past world-epochs, the incarnating Preserver, Bhagavat, took many humble forms. This was to show that in the sight of the Lord, all men are equal; the Lord regards not caste or tribe. "The keynote of the Bhagavata system of belief is that Bhagavat or the Ador-

able, Himself descends (*avatarati*) to this earth for special reasons, such as: to create the universe, to help the Faithful, to relieve the world from sin, or to spread the true religion. On this all the rest of the theosophy depends." (Grierson.)

The Deity, besides the usual personal names, Bhagavat and so forth, is, as such, known as Para or Parat-para, the Supreme. He is a pure Spirit, and it is "at His feet," (that is, in His presence) that the soul abides, immortal and eternal, in perfect bliss, and with a personal identity, when it has been released through bhakti, or devoted Love, from the weary round of reincarnation.

The Supreme is pure Spirit. Therefore a necessity is felt for connecting links between the spiritual and the material. These links are supplied by a series of graduated phases of conditioned Spirit (Vyuhas). The Bhagavat, as Avatar, first takes conditioned personality, and in that phase is called Vasudeva, (that is, the Manifested Logos). From Vasudeva proceed Prakriti, or indiscrete Primal Matter, and a secondary phase of conditioned Spirit; from these two proceed cosmic Manas or Mahat, and the power called Pradyumna or Mighty, who is identified with Sanat-kumara; from Manas and Pradyumna proceed Self-consciousness and the power called Unrestrained, who is called "the son of Kama"; from these proceed the Great Elements.

This series, besides giving an account of the emanations from Spirit to Matter, further outlines the complex nature of the Avatar, exactly corresponding to the teaching concerning the Western Avatar: that He at once possessed Deity, a divine soul,, a human soul and a human body. He existed, and exists, on each plane, in a form belonging to that plane.

But, besides a plenary Incarnation (Purna-avatara) of the Preserver or Bhagavat (Logos), such as that of Rama and Krishna, there are Incarnations of a part only, such as the Matsya Avatar; of a digit only (a digit being that part of the growing moon which is each day illuminated), like the Divine Swan Avatar, or the teacher, Kapila; there are, further, Avatars, Incarnations, of a single Power of the Logos, or of some purpose (karya) of the Logos; or there are overshadowings, such as was Vyasa. Then there are Avatars of governance, like that of Narada or Manu, the purpose of which is, to manifest the power and love of the Bhagavat (Logos), and to spread the true teaching.

Finally, the power called Antaryamin, the "inner constrainer in the heart," is an Avatar of the Supreme; he is God, dwelling in the soul of every animate creature. This is exactly the teaching of the fourth Gospel concerning the Logos as "the True Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

But the word Avatar is sometimes given a much wider sense. Thus, it is said that the whole Manvantara, or period of cosmic Manifestation is an Avatar; that Sacrifice is an Avatar: "The Adorable Bhagavat, the Sacrificial Man, in the sacrifice inaugurated by Brahma, of golden complexion, full of Vedic inspiration, full of sacrifices, the Atma

of the deities, from the breath of whose nostrils the Vedas were created."

The twin teachers of Narada, Nara-Narayana, who are the sons of Dharma and Ahinsa (that is, of Righteousness and Innocence), and who are famed for their passionless austerities, are held to be an Avatar. The same is taught of the mysterious Datta, whose name signifies "I have given myself to thee," the very essence of the Avatar's sacrifice.

Then there are the four (or seven) Kumaras, of whom it is said: "Owing to the offerings of Brahma's austerities (Sana meaning "offering"), for the creation of the different worlds, the Adorable Bhagavat (Logos) became the four Sanas, (Sanaka, Sananda, Santana, Sanat-Kumara), the types of perpetual youth and innocence. Becoming thus incarnate, He fully recited, in this present age, the truth concerning Atma, which had been destroyed at the dissolution of the preceding Aeon —a truth which the Saints (Munis), when they heard it, recognized within themselves." Everyone, therefore, while preaching the true faith, is, to that extent, an Avatar.

But the primal purpose of an Avatar, a divine Incarnation, is, to manifest the Deity in a form that will enkindle devoted Love, thereby imparting to the soul the divine fire of immortality. There are progressive stages in this growing Love, which are thus divided by the Indian teachers:

First comes acceptance; or, as it may be, in our experience, resignation, which may be accompanied by fear, by thoughts of sorrow, by a heart-broken turning from all earthly things. This acceptance, which is somewhat like the feeling of the ship-wrecked mariner, cast up almost lifeless on the beach, who hardly does more than accept the fact that he is still alive, and which is the transition line of conversion, gradually grows to obedience, the "obedience of the slave," as the Indian teaching calls it. From this gradually develops the love of the friend and companion. From this comes tender devotion. And tender devotion finally flames forth in passionate Love.

How is this path of growing Love to be entered? There are two classes of driving powers or "excitants": the essential, and the supporting or enhancing; and these are applied systematically to the five stages of growing Love that we have outlined, as follows:

The essential excitant of the first stage, Resignation or Acceptance, is the recognition of the Adorable Bhagavat, or His Incarnation; an excitant, relatively less perfect, is the knowledge of the divine Powers, like Brahma or Shiva, or of Saints who have practised resignation; while the enhancing excitant is study of the Upanishads. There will result a "flavor" of the mind and heart which is called "resigned," and there will ensue concentration of mind, unselfishness and freedom from passion.

Of the second stage, Obedience, the essential excitant is once more the Adorable Bhagavat or His Incarnation; relatively less perfect is the study of the lives of the Saints who were noted for obedience. An enhancing motive is a consideration of the graciousness of the incarnate

Lord to all those who serve Him. This brings the flavor of the mind and heart which is called "obedient," and there ensue from it obedience to the commands of the incarnate Lord, and a pure life; also such practices as the use of rosaries.

The third stage, Friendship, likewise has, as its excitant, the Adorable or His Incarnation; with the study of the lives of Saints famous as friends of the incarnate Lord, as a less perfect excitant. The thought of the gentleness of the incarnate Master, the sweetness of Rama's voice, will enhance these excitants. There will result the flavor of heart and mind called "friendly," and joy will follow, in the feeling that the incarnate Lord is ever near.

As excitants of tenderness, the essential one, as always, is the Lord and His Incarnation, and especially the consideration of His childhood, whether as Rama or as Krishna; the Mother of the Lord will bring an added fervor, to be enhanced by remembering the baby graces of the Lord, whether as Rama or as Krishna. The mood of heart called "tender" will arise, and there will follow a joyous celebration of the day on which the incarnate Lord was born, with devotion to the Lord as a Child, and with an ardent love of all children, for the Child Lord's sake.

There remains the fifth stage, Passionate Love, to be aroused by drawing near to the Lord and His Incarnation, with remembrance of those who have passionately loved Him. To this passionate Love, the beauty of Springtime should minister, with the songs of birds, and all that tells of omnipresent Love. The flavor of heart and mind will be that called "passionately loving," which will have its fruition in passionate adoration of the Lord.

So far, in mere outline and with something of the dryness of any systematic analysis, is the Indian Way of devoted Love, of growing Love for the incarnate Master, rising to a vivid and constant sense of His nearness, His tenderness, His solicitous watchfulness and care. And this very Love, it is held, is the supreme and perfect driving power, which will enkindle the spiritual will in us, enabling us to make the effort needed, in order that we may fully co-operate with the greater effort which the once incarnate Lord and the spiritual Powers that work with Him, are making to raise us up from this world to the spiritual world of our immortality. And we have seen that this Indian teaching insists that it is the former Avatar Himself, as a personal spiritual Being, who makes this ceaseless effort to lift us up into spiritual life.

So striking is the likeness of this whole system of the Way of devoted Love to all that is most essential and characteristic in Christianity that, as soon as the Sanskrit texts were translated, a group of scholars with Professor Albrecht Weber at their head declared their conviction that the whole system of Bhakti, or devoted Love, had been borrowed by India from the Christian teachings; and the traditional mission of Saint Thomas the Apostle to India, in the first century, was supposed to be the source of this communication. It was further laid down as self-evident that

books like the Bhagavat Gita and the Bhagavata Purana must of necessity be later than the beginning of the Christian era, just because they contained these "evident borrowings from the New Testament."

But these scholars, in their desire to claim for Christianity, as they understood it, an exclusive possession of the Religion of Love, proved a great deal too much for their own case. For it becomes evident that, if it shall be proved that these Indian Scriptures and the Bhakti Yoga system are in fact older than Christianity, then the likeness on which was based the claim of their derivation from Christianity cannot be denied, and the exclusive claim made by these sectarians—in a spirit which is really quite contrary to the true spirit of Christianity—that Christianity alone teaches the religion of Love, will fall to the ground.

And this is exactly what has happened. Not only has the whole sense of Orientalists turned away from the view of Professor Albrecht Weber and his school, but quite specific proofs have been discovered, which show that the doctrine of devoted Love, the worship of the Adorable Bhagavat, was fully developed in the days of Alexander the Great's invasion of Northwestern India, three centuries before the foundation of Christianity. This fact, established by the writings of the Greeks who visited India, is corroborated by ancient inscriptions in India. For example, at Besnagar, in the Bhilsa district of the principality of Scindhia, in Central India, a pillar inscription in the most ancient characters, recently deciphered, reads thus:

"King Chandradasa caused this Garuda banner of Vasudeva, the God of gods, to be made here by Heliodoras, a votary of the Bhagavat, who came from the great King Antalcidas." And the great King Antalcidas flourished in the period B. C. 175-135.

It is quite clear, therefore, that the teaching of devoted Love, to be kindled by adoration of the incarnate Lord, arose independently in India, and had reached its full development at least two centuries, and, in all likelihood many centuries, before the incarnation of the Western Avatar. And, further, that this teaching habitually and consciously employed many methods, such as a particular devotion to the Mother of the incarnate Lord, or to the divine Infancy, which are thought of as peculiar to Christianity, nay, as peculiar to Catholicism. Even the sacrifice of the Divine Man by the Creator goes back to the days of the Rig Veda.

If the religion of the Bhagavat is thus demonstrably not indebted to the life and teaching of the Western Avatar, are we to say that Christianity may be indebted to the religion of the Bhagavat? In a certain sense, yes; but in a spiritual sense only. In view of the action of spiritual power and spiritual law, it would seem certain that the long and devoted worship of the Adorable Lord in India, with the generation of spiritual force which that worship must of necessity represent, would make measurably easier the work of the Western Avatar, in teaching, and exemplifying, that devoted Love. But, if there be a question of derivation, it is, in both East and West, a derivation, not of one teaching from another, but

of both from the eternal majesty of divine Love, from the Love of that Divinity who, again and again, has manifested Himself, to bring the very essence of divine Love to the hard, loveless world, so that mankind may be lifted up into the kingdom of immortal Love.

THE INDIAN TEACHING OF SALVATION BY LOVE ACCORDING TO

THE BHAKTI SUTRAS OF NERADA

Beginning here, we shall set forth the teaching of devoted Love. That devoted Love is of the nature of supreme attachment to the Adorable Lord; it is as the living water of immortality. He who possesses this devoted Love, has already attained; immortal, he has gained his heart's desire. When he has gained this devoted Love, he longs for nothing and laments nothing; he hates not, nor exults, nor is aught left, for him to strive after. When he has known this devoted Love, he is filled with ecstasy, with stillness, rejoicing in the holy Spirit (Atma).

This devoted Love is not tormented by desire, for it brings cessation of desire. And the cessation of desire means the consecration of all acts, both worldly and spiritual, to Him. It is a single-hearted devotion to Him, an overcoming of all that is inimical to Him. This single-heartedness is a surrender of all refuges but Him. And the overcoming of all that is inimical to Him is accompanied by the due performance of all acts, both worldly and spiritual, that are in harmony with Him, not flowing contrary to the current of His will.

The commandments of the Scriptures must be kept, even after the heart has firmly resolved to devote itself altogether to Him. For otherwise through pride one may become a castaway. Worldly works must be carried on only so far as they are in harmony with Him. But the right care and nurture of the body must be continued so long as we bear the burden of the body.

And now the distinctive marks of devoted Love will be set forth, as the minds of many devoted lovers of Him have recorded them.

Parashara's disciple, Vyasa, declares that devoted Love will manifest itself in the ardent performance of all acts of the worship of Him. Garga says that devoted Love will show itself in speaking of Him, in hearing of Him. Shandilya declares that acts of worship, and speaking and hearing of Him must not displace the heart's joy in His holy Spirit. But Narada says that devoted Love is, to rest all our acts in Him, to grieve if He be absent from our thoughts. And there have been saints who have done all these things perfectly, as maidens of Vrindavana, who gave their hearts to Him.

But even in the heart's joy, it must be remembered with reverence that He is a mighty Master. For without this reverence, Love cannot be pure. And in impure love, there is lacking the feeling of happiness in the happiness of the other.

This way of devoted Love (Bhakti) is higher than the way of ritual

Works (Karma), higher than the way of Wisdom (Jnana), higher than the way of mystic Powers (Yoga). For, while ritual works, and wisdom, and the search for mystical powers have each a further goal, devoted Love is its own reward. And devoted Love is better than these, because the Lord hates the proud, and loves the lowly and the humble.

But some say that wisdom is the cause and source of devoted Love, while others say that devoted Love and wisdom depend upon each other. But Narada, Son of the Creator (Brahma-Kumara), says that devoted Love is the source and fruit of devoted Love.

So it is in the King's house: there are those who serve the King as his Ministers, or for the sake of a reward; there are those who love the King for Love's sake. And those who serve the King for the sake of a reward, neither bring to the King delight, nor to themselves assuagement of their hunger for reward. Therefore let those who seek for salvation firmly choose the way of devoted Love.

The means for gaining devoted Love are thus declared by the Masters:

Devoted Love requires renunciation of worldly ends—renunciation of all attachment to them. The allurement of worldly aims is to be conquered by unflinching devotion to Him.

Even in the midst of the world, devoted Love springs up from hearing and praising the virtues of the Adorable Master. As He has said:

"I dwell not in the farthest Heaven, nor in the hearts of saints alone. I dwell, O Narada, wherever My lovers praise Me!"

But devoted Love comes most of all through the compassion of the Great Ones; from the touch of the compassion of the Adorable Lord. But the company of the Great Ones is hard to win, nay, it is well-nigh unattainable; yet, when it has been gained, it can never fail. And that company even is gained only through the compassion of the Lord, since there is no division between Him and His own. Therefore strive for devoted Love! Therefore strive for devoted Love!

In every way, contact with the evil must be shunned, since it nourishes desire and wrath, forgetfulness of Him, loss of vision, loss of all. These evils, beginning in tiny ripples, grow, through attachment, to a stormy sea.

Who is he that crosses over, that crosses over Maya's delusions? It is he who puts away attachment to evil, who lovingly follows the Great Ones, who is without covetousness or conceit; he who dwells apart, he who breaks the bonds that bind him to the world, who turns from the threefold world of desire, who puts away the lust of possession; who looks not for a reward of his good works, who dedicates all his acts to the Master, thereby escaping from expectation and dread, from exultation and pain; he who consecrates even all spiritual reading to the Master, he who has gained a pure, continuous flow of passionate Love for Him;—it is he, it is he, who crosses over Maya's delusion, and likewise leads others safely across.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

THE LESSON OF THE GARBAGE PAIL

Meditate on things you want to know . . . Seek all knowledge within yourself, do not go without. You understand what is meant by this; not that books should be neglected, but that information obtained from them should be drawn within, *sifted, tested there. Study all things in this light and the most physical will at the same time lead to the most spiritual knowledge.*—Fragments, Vol. I., p. 43.

MY beloved Mentor wrote me, inviting me to the Camp. I little thought, when I accepted with almost vociferous joy, that one of the cherished memories I should carry away would be centered about a blue agate-ware, white-lined garbage pail.

Even as I write these words, I realize how shocking it would have seemed—before my visit—to conjoin my Mentor and his associates with a garbage pail. Yet what I have written is a "cold fact," demonstrable even to our old and never-to-be-forgotten friend, Mr. Gradgrind. Furthermore, and do not think that this is literary emphasis, nor exaggeration, had I a private sanctuary, I should be glad to place on the steps of its shrine that self-same garbage pail.

There were no servants. There might have been any number. My host and hostess and their associates, for reasons best known to themselves, preferred to have none. They did their own work.

My host was the chief cook. On a day towards the end of my delightful visit, he asked me, his very happy guest, to empty the garbage pail. The guest forgot his assignment for a time, becoming absorbed in the talk about the War and its spiritual phases. So, as it happened, the task was neglected until all had scattered for the afternoon period of rest or quiet in the several quarters of the camp. He went alone into the empty kitchen—left in spotless, nicely-exact, good order by the hostess and her aids, when the dish-washing and pot-cleaning had been finished.

The guest carried the pail out and emptied it, which was all that he had been asked to do—or, perhaps it should be said, had been given the privilege of doing. He brought the pail back and set it down. Then he started to put on the cover. As he bent over, the insistent question popped up in his mind, like a child's grinning Jack-in-the-box, "Why do they do this menial work, and do it as if it were a pleasurable privilege?" Indeed, it did seem strange that these charming, well-bred people should be spending their time on such work.

At that moment the guest noted a piece of potato peeling, clinging with determination to the rim of the garbage-pail. It was like a sudden,

discordant noise, breaking in upon some delicious, and deliciously quiet, symphonic movement. It was just as foreign and as discordant, in the perfected neatness and immaculate cleanliness of that kitchen, still reminiscent of the gathering barely over.

As the potato peel was clearly out of place, the first reaction was to flick it down into the pail, under the hovering cover that was still held aloft. Somehow this did not lessen the discord. Rather it served to emphasize the undeniable fact that the pail was dirty and, therefore, still making a discord. Defiantly the guest grabbed up the pail, dropping the cover, and strode out to a nearby hydrant. Filling the pail, and emptying it out, several times, did not suffice to bring satisfaction. Rather did it bring it out, still more poignantly, as one might say, that the pail was essentially unclean. Something, perhaps the standard of that immaculate kitchen, seemed to advertise that the pail was grease-lined; unpleasantly so lined, at that.

Putting the pail down in the sun, the guest gazed at it in sorrow. Certainly that pail was in no condition to go back into the kitchen. When he had taken it back before, he had been unconscious of its true condition. From *Fragments,* Volume I, came back "Insight brings responsibility." Now that he had realized the condition of the pail, in its contrast to the cleansed utensils, so carefully placed by the hostess herself, he would assume for himself the dirtiness of the pail if he did nothing about it. He felt sorry for the chela or saint who accepts a would-be disciple or follower.

Since something had to be done, the guest got a stick. He filled the pail with water and put in some soap powder. The vile-looking compound was stirred to increasing unpleasantness, the guest taking pains to keep his hands out of the mess. He worked up a high and a foul lather. Then, with relief, and with face averted, he emptied the pail. He emptied it hopefully; even with the beginning of joyous respite. He turned to look at his craftsmanship. There were many scratch marks to be noted on the lining of the pail. His gingerly efforts had only served to emphasize its condition and not to afford a remedy.

The blue of the exterior was normally a really lovely hue—now to his opened eyes it appeared as marred with soap sloppings and streaked with grease. The pure white lining was sadly soiled. The lining even appeared as if scarred, with its cross-hatching of scratches from the puddling stick. The guest looked at the pail and shuddered. Then he thought of his hostess' hands, which he had seen, so short a time before, handling greasy plates. He began to get angry. Was he to consider himself finer than that gentlewoman? Was he not just a plain coward? Did his Mentor and the latter's associates stop short at the sight of the unpleasantness in him? Did the Master shirk His tasks merely because they were so vile, and the objects of His cleansing so foul?

The guest grabbed that pail once more; giving it, as must be confessed, a vicious wrench. Pail in hand he fairly stalked into the kitchen.

He went to the sink. A large kettle of boiling water was lifted off the stove. Its contents were poured into that objectionable pail. Soap powder was added. An old discarded cloth was retrieved from the box where such things were cast out; a box located in the woodshed, adjoining the ash barrel. How the guest recalled its existence he cannot even now state, unless it be that his determination to get that pail clean had sharpened all his senses. This may be the case. At more than one Branch meeting of the T. S., he has heard it said that acts of volition are strengthening to all mental processes. This is also set forth by such mystics as St. Ignatius and St. Teresa. Did not the Blessed Margaret Mary consider it important to her soul's progress to make herself eat the cheese which was dispensed from her diet by the settlement arranged by her brother when she entered the Convent?

Equipped, as he felt, materially and volitionally, the guest went to work. One last spasm of repugnance to overcome and his hands went—souse! into the water, still hot and now greasy. He went to work. It was messy, but he stuck to it. He tried to shut out the picture of his immediate discomfort, and tried to substitute a picture of his hostess' keen interest in and close attention to similar tasks, which were done, most unmistakeably, without thought of self.

At last the job was, as he thought, done. But he found no exaltation. Rather came keener insight. The work was not perfectly done. Some grease from the morning's cooking was caked on, and all but caked in. It took time, patience, sand soap, "elbow grease," repeated rinsings, and many close observations, to make even a start towards that standard of perfected cleanliness which the hostess daily and continually set. Determined, at last, the guest settled down to real and loyal work towards a definite goal. At all hazards, and at whatever cost to himself, that pail must be cleansed, until it should be as spotless as any other utensil in those hallowed precincts.

As this thought formulated itself in the guest's mind, something within him became suddenly alert, and reminded him of the insistent query that had so troubled him. "Hallowed precincts"? the guest repeated to himself. "Why do I say hallowed?" As he worked away, working with close attention to his set task, he pondered on this. What was it that made him regard a kitchen as "hallowed." Was it not because of the silent keynote—*Light on the Path* says that spiritual truths must be expressed in paradoxes—the silent keynote underlying all the work in the kitchen, as elsewhere? What was that keynote? A keynote must be simple. Yet the guest thought of many similies and analogies. Out of these, by a process of meditative selection, as he kept on working, and working with increasing attention to his pleasurable task, he seemed to sense a co-ordinating unity in his many illustrations. Perhaps he might express that keynote as love of and service for a Master. Love and service for a real Master—not some hazy Spirit, a phantasy from a dream—but a real Master: Who loves one, helps one, trains one—yes,

and Whom one loves. Then came a painful thought—painful as all self-reference is painful—how would one seem to such a Master. A particularly hard spot of particularly unpleasant and most sticky grease held the guest's entire attention for a moment: long enough for him to become filled with an awesome thought, that seemed to come to him almost from without himself: Were there just such spots on him? Did not the Master, yes, and those who worked for Him, and, in all probability, with Him, find such spots as unpleasant as the guest found those on the garbage pail?

As the guest worked away on the pail, he reviewed the process in the lights of this thought, that had come to him. Why was he doing this work? Was it not, in the first place, in an endeavor to live up to a standard that had been set for him? What sort of a standard was he setting others?

Next, he asked himself, why it was that he had not taken the pail out to one of the men employed on the ditching work? For a quarter the Italian would have been glad to do the work. The Italian, moreover, would not have reacted from the messiness of the job. He would have thought only of the quarter—the reward from his work. Why had he not done this? The guest saw that he had wanted to experience, to share, the feelings of those whom he admired—why not be honest and Gallic?—those whom he loved. For this, he had to do the work himself. Was this all? If so, was he essentially above the Italian labourer, in his desire for a tangible reward? Probing deeper, as he worked away with sand soap and scrubbing cloth, he found that he had recognized that he could clean the pail better than the Italian, because his insight had given him a higher standard, as part of the increased responsibility.

Was this all? No; there was the further reason that he wanted to give pleasure to his host and hostess. Was this, too, a selfish motive? Perhaps in its outer coating, but, within, it was prompted by a simplicity that was not tainted by selfishness. Of this he dared to feel rather certain, because he saw that it was, in essence, the same sort of feeling that prompted his little sons, when they did childish, yet loving, things in an effort to give him pleasure.

A spot, that he had prepared to abandon, as a case of hopeless dyeing of the enamel, now began to give signs of waning. He redoubled his manual labours, in the determination to overcome even its insidious tainting. "Insidious tainting"—were his motives not becoming tainted with self-reference? He changed his line of thought, or it changed itself for him—he dares not now say which. What did the Master think of this kind of work? Indeed, of this particular job? Would He be satisfied with anything short of perfection in the cleansing of this pail? In the cleansing of one's life? Why would the Master, presumably, prefer to have the guest cleanse the pail, rather than to have had the Italian hired to do it? Perhaps, because it would be better cleansed by the guest. Possibly, even, it might be for the guest's own sake; and this did not seem self-reference, when one was trying to understand the Master's will,

in regard to a piece of work which one had undertaken. How was it to the guest's advantage? In terms of St. Ignatius, was it not a tribute of sacrifice from love? It had been hard to undertake, but it had been undertaken, and had been stuck to, and stuck to until it had become a pleasure to do it aright. Was this not a Wartime need: To learn to do hard things joyously?

"Hard things"—again the guest's thoughts turned, or were turned, to the Master's own tasks with human beings. How like a garbage pail is the ordinary human mind (lower manas, as it is called at the Branch meetings) filled as it is with waste, which ferments, if it be not emptied out, and the vessel cleansed. Did the garbage pail smell unpleasantly at first? Was it nasty to touch? What was the effect of the ordinary human mind upon the Master's highly developed sensibilities? Yet we are always taking it as a matter of course that the Master welcomes our appeals to be cleansed. Something within us is certain that the Master will respond to our appeals. Even the lowest of savages shares this conviction with high chelas and great saints. What parallel was there in the experience of cleansing the garbage pail?

The guest had grown to recognize that one cleansed the garbage pail, in part, because one gave pleasure: Did this not indicate, at the least, a latent desire to know that pleasure had been given? It was not exactly "working for reward." Was it not more an unformulated desire to attain somewhat of a consciousness of unity, of brotherhood? Could it be that the Master Himself might be nerved to persist in such seemingly hopeless tasks of cleansing as He undertakes by a hope of such a recognition of consciousness with Him, on the part of the human garbage pails He cleans? Could it be, even, that the Master Himself might welcome appreciation of His efforts, on the part of the human garbage pails? The guest put down the pail—it looked brave and spotless: it seemed even glad. If its inanimate simulation of a pleasurable reaction from his efforts rejoiced him; how would the Master feel in regard to real thanks from those whom He served? Should he not immediately thank the Master for working away so patiently at his streaks, caked dirt and messy spots?

The guest lifted out the pail and wiped it off with loving care. He took it back to its place. He started to put on the cover. Behold—the pail was no longer clean. The soiled cover, which he had neglected, spoiled the whole effect. To be clean one must be entirely clean—inside and out, and even to the outer trappings and trimmings. One spot infected the whole being and tainted it. Thus came the thoughts, as the cover, in turn, was scrubbed and polished. The cover was perhaps two per cent., or even less, of the whole unit, yet so long as it was befouled, the effect of the whole unit was one of unpleasant uncleanliness.

How about life? Could a Master Himself rest until a child of His, upon whom He was working, was wholly clean? Would He not have to, actually have to, let life itself scrub and scrub, until all spots, at all points, had been cleansed, and the unit, as a whole, thereby, been per-

fectly cleansed? So long as the desires of the lower mind were not, at all points, in consonance with the highest standards, could there be any true unity with the Master Mind?

The garbage pail—vessel, cover, and bail, from the bottom to topmost tip,—was now clean and gay. The guest stood up and surveyed his handiwork. He realized that he had passed a happier, more helpful time than if he had hired the Italian to do the work. He had offered something in the sacrifice of service. He had learned, though only to a minute extent, to appreciate something of what the Master has to do, and keep on doing, for him. He bent over again, and shook the bail gently, as if it were the hand of a friend.

Warmed, as it were, by this pleasurable emotion, the guest went out, reaching within his pocket for his tobacco pouch. Suddenly a mnemonic vision came to spoil his satisfaction. A picture of the sink, as he had just left it, came into his mind. Paralleling this came a picture of the sink as it had been left by the hostess, when she had finished her own labours. The contrast was saddening, all but disheartening. A condition existed that could not be ignored. There was only one thing, in that atmosphere, that could be done. The guest turned back. He re-entered the kitchen. It had suddenly grown hot once more.

The guest went at that sink. It was in a chaotic condition. He began to work. Then he found that he had displaced a number of utensils that he thought he could easily re-locate, for he had had daily opportunities to observe how and where things were placed—always in due order to save waste of time or needless effort. It did not prove a simple task. He realized, even as he endeavored to do right, that he was making mistakes. The disciple's quality of recollection may be tested in the affairs of daily life, he had often read and been told. He did not pass this test with credit. He could not create a power he had neglected, merely because he felt a sudden need to use it. That evening, to tell the whole truth, he could see that both the cook with his assistants and the dish-washing party, were inconvenienced, and both time and effort were wasted, as the result of his poor recollection and the mistakes that he had made in his efforts at replacement of the utensils he had disturbed.

A co-contributor to this magazine, who was at that particular house-party, has been good enough to go over the Ms. (but, pray remember, no responsibility was thereby assumed) and made this comment:

"Why don't you say, right here: 'In so doing he (the guest) had sinned against one of the unspoken canons of that marvelous place—which was that everyone should do thoroughly and completely whatever he undertook, and in such a manner that he did not make more work for anyone else.' "

"Good;" I declared, "I will say that." But, please note how that Camp atmosphere gets into one's system (but don't judge it by this guest's actions or efforts—please. That would be unfair. Praise the atmosphere while pitying him that he could not better have taken into himself its life.)

In this article the guest has undertaken to tell the truth. To do it "thoroughly and completely" how may he venture to claim that neat phrasing as his own? He dare not do it—hence the use of the quotation marks, however anathema they be to the proof-reader.

But it is time to return to the Laboratory experiment. After the guest had emerged from the kitchen for the second time even his awakened conscience pronounced the experiment completed. He considered the garbage pail episode as closed. He lighted his pipe and pushed on down to that part of the place where he knew that his host was going to work in the corn field. Soon his host came, and asked what the guest had been doing so long in the kitchen.

The guest told this story of the garbage pail and its teaching, as he worked, hoe in hands and in action, down rows paralleling those on which his host was working. The guest closed with the statement: "Doesn't it sound crazy to say that one could learn so much from such an experience? Wasn't it a piece of luck, though?"

Mentor straightened up, to smile at his guest, with that smile of loving comprehension that unfailingly prevents his directness of speech from ever once giving offence: " 'Luck,' you say—why do you suppose I asked you to empty that garbage pail today?"

That same co-contributor, who has been quoted, when looking over the Ms., commented—at this point: "Good place to end." Then a few truthful, kind and merciless remarks were added in regard to the two or three pages of comment and elucidation, which the guest had written in sequel to his host's remark and its connotations. Perhaps that well-liked critic is best attesting a real friendship by this advice. Certainly those pages had to go. They have gone. It is lucky that Charles A. Dana's famous cat was not around. Even her seasoned appetite might have revolted. But to do this article "thoroughly and completely" seems to the whilom guest to require the rounding out of the chronicle by giving the experimenter's deductions. Who would mark a test in physics, submitted without deductions in addition to a laboratory note book?

The first deduction is the quotation from *Fragments,* which appears at the opening of this paper. It seems rarely apposite.

The secondary experiment—the confirmatory lesson of the disordered sink—seems to suggest that in endeavoring to help others there is unlimited help to be derived from the *Letters* of the Master K. H., especially in His warning against failing to consider all possible reactions, interrelations and correlations. Furthermore, if one really aims to help, one must be prepared to assume responsibility. This, in turn, might well be regarded as a warning that one must never let up in attention, recollection and detachment, for one may never tell at what point one may fail, through the neglect of these precautions, thus harming others or one's Teacher.

Another deduction is that the Hindu Gurus, St. Benedict and other Founders know their business, the immortal business of helping others

along The Path. Alike are they, in West as in East, in keeping their students, chelas, novices and postulants and even their Regulars at humble and even menial tasks—tasks which the Twentieth Century is too prone to call a wastage of time.

But one borders too closely to being familiar—one of the unforgivable sins—in commenting on the reasons for a course of personal acts. Conclusions will have to be drawn from the empirical point of view, if the reader would seek for a fuller answer to the guest's own, original query: "Why do they do these things?"

Along another line it seems safer to comment. That is on the matter of the out-of-doors work. This may be done with propriety. This may be done with safety, however, only if the reader will promise to remember that these are personal deductions and not indirect quotations. No explanations were offered. Had any been offered would not the laboratory aspect of the teaching have been lost?

It seems to the guest that the Camp illustrated the lost distinction between relaxation and recreation. Everyone, who knows anything of the powers of men, warns against relaxation, especially volitional relaxation, the slackening of the will. Volitional relaxation produces volitional lesions, which are difficult to reunite, at the best, and which may be permanent in their menace. If only we spelled and pronounced recreation as "re-creation" the distinction referred to might be more obvious.

About this time of the year many of us begin planning for the summer. Perhaps the object lessons or laboratory experiments at the Camp may be helpful. If this be true it may be doubly safe to give personal deductions.

Science of even the driest and most material limitations recognizes that in the summer, in this Northern Hemisphere at the least, there is a great flowing in of physical vitality from the Sun. Men who turn to golf and other exercises recognize this unconsciously; hence come their efforts to turn the tide into safer channels. All physical nature, from the trees to the restless little babies, feels this. But which is better, which is really safer—the re-creation of real work on a farm or the relaxation of a golf course? Apply the test of Adam Smith's economic rule of productive values if the volitional aspect seem at all vague.

Again—mundane man seeks to strengthen the physical, while would-be chela or disciple seeks to control it. Animals retreat from the winter, the retreat ranging from hibernation to migration. Advanced man alone welcomes the fighting stimulus of cold weather, with all its physical handicaps, and awakens to activity. Does it not seem advisable, therefore, that the spiritual-minded should seek for physical control and even dormantcy in the physically-stimulating summer months, turning within in quiet and even in silence? Would not this be along the line of *The Elixir of Life* in *Five Years of Theosophy*? According to a sermon once preached by the Rector of a certain "little church" the great Christian church itself recognizes this in its selection of the summer months

for the Trinity season, that period for burning in the lessons of the great drama of Winter and Spring in the church calendar. Those of us who know and love *The Sermon in the Hospital* will recall the lesson of the pruning.

And as a last point—only this Spring day, months after the first section of this was written, the ex-guest heard an address by the fighting Bishop of Massachusetts, who was never neutral from the first day of August, 1914, and whose courageous stand and wisdom warrants one in bracketing him with churchmen of the Cardinal Mercier type. Bishop Lawrence said: "I have heard Hell described as a place where one could never be alone." If one has to stay in Hell, during most of the year, while doing one's daily duties, why, deliberately, stay there in one's free days or weeks or months?

All this may be rambling, though one may hope it is not. But could personal deductions be otherwise? But let each reader make his or her own deductions. Make them, however, only after trying a practical experiment.

SERVETUS.

"Whatever we do is perfect in proportion to the self-possession with which we do it, and that self-possession is proportioned to patience. Nothing, however trifling, can be done well without good judgment. There are fifty ways of doing anything, but only one perfect way. Nature is always inclined to hurry, to run before judgment,, but grace is deliberate. To work fruitfully is to work with a patient will; fretful haste damages both the work and the workman."—Archbishop Ullathorne.

FROM THE HIGHLANDS OF LEMURIA

V. A Venerable Lemuro-Atlantean.

"THUS," says H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine,* Volume I, Edition of 1888, page 185, "Occultism rejects the idea that Nature developed man from the ape, or even from an ancestor common to both, but traces, on the contrary, some of the most anthropoid species to the Third Race man of the early Atlantean period. . . . no 'missing links' between man and the apes have ever yet been found. . . . Nor will they ever be met with. . . ."

This piece of information, published by H. P. Blavatsky, on the authority of Occult knowledge, well nigh thirty years ago, has just made its way through the dense clouds of scientific prejudice, and has appeared so startling that it has been sent by cablegram around the world, taking a prominent place on the front page of the leading newspapers in America, in spite of the enormous pressure of war news and even of the active fighting and casualties of American troops. It was sent by special cable from London to the *New York Times,* on February 28, with these sensational headings: "Says Man Was Ancestor of Apes: British Scientist Calls for Reconsideration of Post-Darwinian Theory."

Students of *The Secret Doctrine,* who may remember reading the passage quoted above when it first appeared, some thirty years ago, will read, with deep satisfaction, and with a certain feeling of amusement, the opening paragraph of the cablegram, which is almost identical with *The Secret Doctrine* passage:

"That man is not descended from anthropoid apes, that these would be in fact more accurately described as having been descended from man, that man as man is far more ancient than the whole anthropoid branch, and that compared with him the chimpanzee and orangutan are newcomers on this planet, were assertions made by Professor Wood Jones, Professor of Anatomy in the University of London, in a lecture yesterday on the origin of man.

"The professor claimed these assertions were proved not only by recent anatomical research, but that they were deducible from the whole trend of geological and anthropological discovery.

"One of the most interesting references in the lecture was to recent reports by Dr. Stewart Arthur Smith of Sydney on the Talgai skull discovered in 1889 in Darling Downs, New South Wales, but never seriously investigated until 1914.

" 'This undoubtedly human skull, very highly mineralized,' he said, 'was found in a stratum with extinct pouched mammals, and probably is

as ancient as the famous Piltsdown skull, whose human nature was so hotly disputed just before the war. In deposits of the same age as those in which the Talgai skull was unearthed were found bones of dingo dogs, and also bones of extinct pouched mammals gnawed by these dogs.

" 'Until the arrival of Captain Cook in Australia (1770) no non-pouched animals were ever introduced upon the Australian continent. It is geologically certain that Australia has always been surrounded by the sea since the evolution of pouched mammals. Had it not been so, it is almost certain that many non-pouched mammals in the neighboring continents would have migrated thither.

" 'How then can the presence of the Talgai man and his dingo dogs alone among these be accounted for? The conclusion deducible is that he must have arrived there in boats with his family and his domestic dogs, and the astounding fact emerges that at a period in the world's history when only a year or two ago the most advanced anatomists were satisfied that man was scarcely distinguishable from his brute ancestors, a man already so highly developed as to have domesticated animals and to be a boat builder and navigator was actually in Australia, and, to an astonishing degree, the reasoning master of his own fate.'

"In view not only of this," the cablegram concludes, "but of even more convincing evidence gathered from man's own anatomical structure, Professor Wood Jones made a moving appeal for the reconsideration of the whole post-Darwinian conception of man's comparatively recent emergence from the brute kingdom. The missing link of Huxley, he asserted, if ever found, would not be a more ape-like man, but a more human ape."

This is, of course, only a telegraphic summary; but, pending the receipt of a fuller account of this lecture,—without which it is impossible to form any opinion as to whether the lecturer's undoubtedly sound conclusions were based upon equally sound premises—it may be interesting to add a few details concerning the venerable Lemuro-Atlantean, who seems to have helped this intuitional anatomist to take so long a step towards the acceptance of the Occult teaching.

The highly mineralized, and therefore extremely old, Talgai skull, which furnishes Professor Wood Jones with so strong an argument, was found in the bed of the Talgai Creek, near Clifton, on the Darling Downs, by a ranchman, who picked it up and took it home, without any great understanding of its significance. It appears to have been washed out of the black soil of the Darling Downs. A few miles from the spot where the skull was picked up, bones of many types of extinct mammals of Pleistocene age have been discovered, and, as the Talgai skull is in at least as advanced a stage of fossilization or mineralization, as the bones of the Diprotodon, Nototherium and others, in adjacent regions, it may be provisionally assumed (says a preliminary report to the British Association, dated 1914) that this human skull is also of Pleistocene age. The distortion caused by steady pressure due to the weight of an original

thick overburden of clay is in harmony with the evidence as to the high antiquity of the skull. While there is a strong probability of the fossil skull being of Pleistocene, perhaps early Pleistocene, Age, its exact age obviously cannot be determined until further evidence can be adduced which may directly connect it with the mammalian bone-bearing clays of the Darling Downs; certainly it is far older than any aboriginal skulls that have ever been obtained in Australasia, and it proves that in Australia man attained to geological antiquity.

In 1914, the year referred to in our cablegram, the British Association for the Advancement of Science met in Australia, Dr. Arthur Stewart Smith of Sydney being one of those taking part in its meetings. The highly mineralized skull from Talgai Creek was produced, very carefully examined and reported upon by a Section on Anthropology; and from its report, tantalizingly brief, the preceding paragraph is taken. Clifton appears to be, not in New South Wales, as described in our cablegram, but in Queensland, some thirty miles north of the N. S. W. border, and eighty miles inland from Brisbane on the coast, with which it is connected by rail.

One word more as to the age in years of our Lemuro-Atlantean from the Darling Downs. In *Prehistoric Man,* by W. L. H. Duckworth (1912) the Preface contains this suggestive paragraph: "I regret to be unable to affix definite dates in years to the several divisions of time now recognized. To illustrate the difficulty of forming conclusions on this subject, it should be noted that in 1904 Professor Rutot assigned a duration of 139,000 years to the Pleistocene period, while in 1909 Dr. Sturge claimed 700,000 years for a portion only of the same period. Evidently the present tendency is to increase enormously the drafts on geological time, and to measure in millions the years that have elapsed since the first traces of human existence were deposited."

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

"There are two things to be considered in every man, and these two things have to be well and carefully distinguished from each other; what the man is of himself, and what he is by the superadded gifts of God. Every man ought to subject what is purely his own to what is of God, whether that which is of God is in himself or in another.

"This is the principle of humility in its exercise towards our neighbor; it is not a reverence given to human nature, but to the gifts of God within that nature."—Archbishop Ullathorne.

TWO QUESTIONS

ONE of the inimitable pages of London *Punch* portrays two Englishmen at their club, the one very excited, the other quite cool. Between them there is a brief dialogue that may be commended to the thoughtful consideration of all of philosophic taste.

"I tell you Russia is doomed—doomed."

"What do you mean by doomed?"

"Never mind what I mean. It is not what I mean that matters. It is what I say."

All our lives we have been using certain great terms: Christianity and Theosophy, love of God and of man, Brotherhood and Karma, justice and self-sacrifice, good and evil. Do we know what we mean by them? Have we ever deemed it important that we should know,—till as now, in this world war, we are brought face to face with the great facts of life and death and of the human spirit; and reality itself challenges our formulas.

There is a sense in which we rightly may hold that not what we mean but what we say is of moment. For our words may point to a fact that we may know we do not understand, and it is the fact and not our understanding of it that is vital. We may say: I do not know what it means or what I mean, but there is a reality that presses upon my consciousness, that I see acting in life and in me—and its action, deep, mysterious, unfathomable, is as doom itself, unescapable, all compelling. It—it, the thing I point to with my words, though I do not know their meaning or its—is vital beyond all else. It matters—and it alone. Pay heed to it. Never mind my lack of knowledge, my failure to comprehend. Act. Act upon it.

But when we say this, it is obvious that we are also saying that to understand better is our crying need—and today we find this need on every side—in every department of our own thinking and in the thought of the world at large. It is reflected in two questions which lie before me, and that demand a fuller treatment than can be accorded them in the Question and Answer department.

1. If through the action of the Karmic Law, the victims of German bestiality and infamy were but reaping what they had sown, presumably in former incarnations, is the feeling—one of the deepest in our nature, and stronger as our love of righteousness increases—that *these things ought not to be*, a right or wrong one?

Will not this feeling inevitably be dulled, if we believe that they who perpetrated these horrors were but the instruments of Karma, and indeed, that it is the Moral Law which is being vindicated?

Does not mutual forgiveness from this standpoint (see the

THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, October, 1917, page 109) become somewhat less unthinkable?

2. Is there any evidence, other than from occult sources, that all the events of outer life are the outcome of the past, and not rather the preparation for specialized service in the Body of Humanity?

It will be clearer to deal with these two questions as one,—for the second contains a thought that is essential to the right understanding of the first.

The literal meaning of Karma is action. The law of Karma is the law of life's action—the way life acts or works. On pages 89 and 90 of Mr. Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy,* we find it described as "The universal law of harmony which unerringly restores all disturbances to equilibrium." This equilibrium is not a static thing. It is dynamic. It is like the equilibrium of a revolving wheel or a flowing river. It is the stability of the infinite current of universal life—the unbroken, undeviating evolution of Being. In this view, the law of Karma is the law of cohesion, that causes each atom or fragment of life to move with the movement of the whole. As the waves of the sea rise and fall, yet must advance or recede with the tides; or as drops of spray are thrown up from a mountain brook yet fall again into the current of the stream, so the individual human life is moved by its human will, but is brought back always—in accordance with the law of its inmost essence—to the course of the Divine Will. Karma is the action of the Divine Will in life and in man, and this Divine Will is man's only real and lasting will. As he lives only by the divine life manifesting through him, so he can will only with divine will. Turn this will as he may, he can never alter or destroy the nature of its ultimate essence. To turn it back against itself—to will evil—is to necessitate the destruction of that evil. More than this; however he may blind himself to it, in the inmost essence of his being, in the very nature of the will itself, he must hate the thing that he has willed, and will the undoing of it. He must will his own repentance, the turning back of his will; or else his personal destruction, the sweeping away of that which deflects the current of the divine life that is his life.

The man who wills evil is thus divided against himself—the house that cannot stand. In the Maya of material life, the sense of his own individuality—the reflection in him of the oneness and wholeness of Being—passes into the sense of separateness; and his sense of self-identification becomes limited to that portion of himself (his personality) which he sees as separate from other selves. Identifying himself with this portion only, he seeks to wield with it, and to bend to its uses the powers of his full being. He claims the will as his will—as of his personality—to be used and directed as his personal desires or judgment may dictate, ignorant or careless of its own divine nature and of the greater, deeper self that lies beyond the personality—beyond his consciousness of separateness. But though he be blind to this deeper self, or in conscious

rebellion against it, it is none the less his true self; nor is he able to alter or corrupt its nature. As Krishna says to Arjuna in the Bhagavad Gita, "With a single portion of myself I created the whole universe, yet remain separate," so the Eternal Man creates the personality and ensouls it, yet remains separate from it in just so far as the personality regards itself as separate,—in just so far as the personality wills what the Eternal Man does not will. The thought of separateness creates separateness. Yet it is the Eternal Man that is the personality's true self and being; and the Eternal Man wills, and can only will the good. He wills the undoing of the evil that the personality does; he wills the turning back to good of that portion of his own will that the personality has claimed and turned to evil; he wills the restoration of harmony and "at-one-ment"; he wills the repentance of the personality or its destruction. It is the action of this will of the man's true and deepest self—at one with the divine—that we call the man's Karma. When he is inwardly unresponsive to it in his personal consciousness, it presses upon him from without—through circumstances and events, through the whole action of the infinite current of life. A man's Karma is his own deepest will.

If this is seen, the answer to the second of the two questions before us will be clear. There is no evidence, either from "occult" or any other sources, "That all the events of outer life are the outcome of the past and not rather the preparation for specialized service in the Body of Humanity," if these two alternatives are regarded as alternatives, mutually exclusive.

The theosophical teaching of Karma is wholly misunderstood if it be interpreted only in the light of the past and not of the future. The misunderstanding is, perhaps, easily explainable, for this teaching has been set over against views of life which saw in the circumstances and events that bring men happiness or misery, either the play of blind chance, or the arbitrary will of an "extraneous and inaccessible God" in whose dictates neither consistency nor justice was discernable, and which had no discoverable relation to what had gone before. Men rightly felt that such a universe or such a God was intolerable and unthinkable. The present, in which they enjoyed or suffered, could not be arbitrarily separated from the past. Life must be consecutive, causal, just; and this required that the present should depend upon the past.

But it is equally necessary that it should depend upon the future. Every movement, every action, whether of life, or of the will, or of a material object in space, cuts across the divisions of past and present and future. It is one act, one movement. The threefold division is not in it, but in the mind that looks upon it; for strive to separate it into parts, and each part alone is meaningless. We cannot conceive of movement in a present that has no past or future. The present is but a cut—a cross section in the flow of being—and in that section all is static, no movement possible. Life—and life's action, Karma,—is not static but dynamic. It is a flow from the past through the present, into the future; and in it past,

present and future are taken up and made one. If we would understand any act—if we seek any comprehensive grasp of life—we must lay hold upon its unity; and though, from the nature of our mind, we must divide it into past, present, and future, we must not be misled by that division into believing that these three aspects of a single unity can stand separate one from the others. We can never understand the past or present until we see in them the future, or comprehend our own wills until we see that to which, as well as that from which and through which, they move. The doctrine of Karma is no less concerned with the future than with the present and the past.

To quote once more from Mr. Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy,* "No spot or being in the universe is exempt from the operation of Karma, but all are under its sway; punished for error by it, yet beneficently led on, through discipline, rest and reward, to the distant heights of perfection." Here, surely, "the distant heights of perfection" are no less stressed than the punishment "for error." Punishment, apart from the perfection to which it tends, would be meaningless, and could be willed by none. And movement toward perfection, apart from the imperfection from which that movement passes, would be also meaningless. The two are one.

It must now, I think, be clear that the two views, which are set as alternatives in the second of our two questions, are not alternatives but are rather two aspects of a single fact—the will of the real and eternal man, moving in the present, from the past, to the future. Life is one; your life and mine; the life of the "Body of Humanity," and the life of the Eternal and Divine. Life is action. To live is to have "within one an activity of one's own arising from an inward principle, which is capable of developing itself by its own action and of possessing its own development." Unity in action is service. And there is no service that is not "specialized service," nor is there any service which does not include, as part of itself, the preparation that made it possible, and that does not, in the same way, constitute the preparation for further service. The service of the soldier lies no less in his months of training than in the day of battle. It moves *to* victory; but it moves *from* every fault and weakness and lack of discipline that were present in him on the day of his enlistment. To understand the will that moves him—the embodied, united will of army life—to see the meaning of the circumstances of that life, the daily routine of drill and labour, hardship and recreation, it is essential to look both back to fault and forward to victory. It is the same with the events of our own outer lives,—with the discipline that is laid on us—with the will of the Eternal Man that is our true self and that leads us from the failure or half-successes of the past to the full victory of the future.

So much, then, for the second question. And now, for the first. I know no better answer to it than that which may be found in the first three chapters of an ascetical treatise of the early seventeenth century by Jeremias Drexelius, a translation of which into English has recently been

published under the title of *The Heliotropium,* or "Conformity of the Human Will to the Divine." He quotes freely from the early Church Fathers, as well as from the Bible, passages whose meaning should be clear to every student of Theosophy, and he joins these together and develops their theme with an insight and skill that are rare. And yet he does not pretend to make all things plain to the mind of his reader. "Thy judgments, O Lord, are a great deep." He who says that there is no mystery in life, says only that he is ignorant of its mysteries. There are mysteries, beyond whose veil the mind cannot penetrate.

"Wouldst thou bound the boundless?
Set limits to the infinite?
Or seek to hold within thy cup
The waters of the whole?
Desist O Lanoo!
Such is not the teaching of the wise."

But the heart can lay its hold on truths the mind cannot dissect, and it is to the heart that Drexelius primarily addresses these three chapters—despite their dialectic skill.

He teaches us that all things are from God; good and evil alike the result of His will. Yet there is a will of permission, and a will of active desire; and though both good and evil come to us from God, yet the one is good and the other evil; and here he quotes from St. Augustine:

" 'Therefore, thou sayest, if one slay an innocent man, doth he justly or unjustly? Unjustly, certainly. Wherefore doth God permit this? Thou desirest to dispute before that thou doest anything, in consideration whereof thou mayest be worthy to dispute, why God hath permitted this. The counsel of God to tell to thee, O man, I am not able. This thing however I say, both that the man hath done unjustly that hath slain an innocent person, and that it would not have been done unless God permitted it; and though the man has done unjustly, yet God hath not unjustly permitted this.'

"And in the same way he speaks of the death of our Lord:—'Accordingly, my brethren, both Judas, the foul traitor to Christ, and the persecutors of Christ, malignant all, ungodly all, unjust all, are to be condemned all; and, nevertheless, the Father hath not spared His Own proper Son, but for the sake of us all He hath delivered Him up. Order if thou art able; distinguish these things if thou art able.' "

If we think of Karma as anything but the action of the inmost will of the divine in man, we surely cannot hold that it was Christ's Karma to be reviled, and scourged and spat upon; to be crucified as a malefactor by those he came to save. Yet we can believe that it was his own deepest will—an act made necessary to him, being what he was, by the sins of the world, an act of "preparation for specialized service in the Body of Humanity," an act which, though his personality shrank from it, in the

fulness of his perfect stature and the unity that was his, he willed in his personality as in his divinity.

May there not be those in Belgium, in France, throughout the allied nations, today, who in their real selves will to follow where Christ led? To prepare themselves also for "specialized service in the Body of Humanity"? To give their lives that men may learn the lesson of the reality and terrible power of the evil to which the world has so lightly given entrance—that the world has, in itself, so easily condoned? Need we think that "the victims of German bestiality and infamy were but reaping what they had sown"? Surely *not,* if we mean by this that they were but justly punished for past sins—and that now the account is closed. If this were the meaning of Karma, Karma would be false. For self-sacrifice, self-giving, the love that lays down its life for its friend, the hope that looks forward, the will that acts forward, the courage that endures and pays the price of its desire, the loyalty that knows no swerving—these are facts. And the will of the Eternal Man presses on to gain by them—for himself and for the whole "Body of Humanity" that is his greater self, "the distant heights of perfection." To ignore these, to look only backward to fault and not forward to victory, is wholly to fail to understand the action of life. The will to victory is also sown, and also has its harvest. It, too, is part of Karma; its fulfilment part of the Law, part of God's justice and God's love.

If we see this, can we be in any doubt as to whether "the feeling—one of the deepest in our nature, and stronger as our love of righteousness increases—that *these things ought not to be* is right or wrong?" Were our concept of Karma the narrow and misleading one that deems it only a mechanical balancing of past debts—it is possible that our feeling against the perpetrators of these infamies might be dulled through seeing in them only the instruments by means of which the moral law is vindicated. To this I will return later. But seeing Karma as it is—life as it is—surely our feeling against the Germans, against everyone who has that taint upon him, for this unspeakable evil and infamy to which they have sold themselves, must be intensified a thousand fold. To awaken us to its true horror a million men have died. Unnumbered thousands of women and children have surrendered their lives to shame and fear and anguish to teach us to hate and loathe it from the depths of our souls and in every fibre of our body. Can that sacrifice be in vain? Are we incapable of hate? If so then we are indeed dead and lost. For no man can love righteousnesss who does not hate with fierce, undying hatred all that is evil. Can we say we love Christ and not hate that—in ourselves and in all the world—that nailed him to the cross?

But I do not wish to appear in any way to avoid the issue, and to substitute a question that was not asked for the actual one before us. If a true concept of Karma must include the will to service and sacrifice, it must also include punishment aand expiation for the past,—that the evil of that past may be turned from and the will of the Eternal Man be

done. It is with this aspect of Karma that the question deals, and though we cannot grant that it is a picture of Karma in its wholeness, yet it is a picture of something Karma includes.

It is tragically easy to fit much of Belgium into this picture. Which one of us does not fit into it, when we look only to the past of the personality and are blind to the will of the soul? There is the Belgian Congo—a stain such as we thought few nations could endure till Germany showed us that men could glory in infamies so black that these seemed white beside them. It is easy to say that Belgium is being punished—is expiating and atoning. But does the perception of the need for Belgium's atonement—the recognition of the horror of the evil that she must expiate—make us condone the Germans who repeat that evil on a greater, deeper scale—even though, in the eternal goodness, that repetition be made the means of Belgium's expiation? Let us once more quote from Drexelius—or use his quotations from St. Augustine and others:

"God has judged it better," St. Augustine says, "to work good out of evil, than to allow no evil. For since He is supremely Good, He would in no way allow any evil in His Works, unless He were as Omnipotent as Good, so as to be able to bring good even out of evil."

"And here we must reflect," as Theophilus Bernardinus admonishes us, "that all who hurt us (in whatever way the injury is done) support a two-fold character. One in which they have *wicked intentions* towards us, and devise no common mischief against us; the other in which they *are able to effect* what they have devised, and are the instruments of the Divine Justice which punishes us."

It is an obvious absurdity to ascribe to the wicked intention the good that divine mercy uses it to accomplish—to credit the Germans with Belgium's expiation. Here, too, Drexelius is wholly explicit:

"But understand from this that no man's sin merits pardon the more because God brings forth the greater good from it;—for man affords the occasion of good alone, not the cause; and even the occasion he does not afford himself, but through the abundance of the Divine Goodness. If some wicked person has set fire to the cottage of a poor man, he has not on this account committed the less sin because the poor man has borne his loss patiently, or some prince has erected in its place a ten times better house. Another person's virtue and a happy circumstance do not wipe out the guilt of the incendiary; and so sin does not acquire any excellence because it has afforded opportunity for doing good."

And again, quoting both from St. Augustine and Isaias: "In this way God instructs good men by means of evil ones. Thus it is that the Divine Justice makes wicked kings and princes its instruments, as well for exercising the patience of good men, as for chastising the forwardness of bad. Examples of this are ready at hand from every age, in cases where God works out His Own Good Pleasure through the wicked designs of others, and by means of the injustice of others displays His Own just Judgments. And just as a father seizes a rod, and strikes his child, but

a little while afterwards throws the rod into the fire, and becomes reconciled to the child, so God threatens by Isaias and says (chap. x, 5, 6): 'Woe to the Assyrian, he is the rod and the staff of My anger, and My indignation is in their hands. I will send him to a deceitful nation, and I will give him a charge against the people of My wrath, to take away the spoils, and to lay hold on the prey, and to tread them down like the mire of the streets. But he shall not take it so, and his heart shall not think so; but his heart shall be set to destroy and to cut off nations not a few.' How plainly does God declare Himself to be the Author of such great evils! 'My indignation' He says 'is in their hands. The rod of My fury is the king of Assyria, for punishing the abominable wickedness of the Jews. I have sent him that he should carry away spoils, and should bring down the surpassingly insolent and inflated minds of those who have cast aside their faith and worshipped the idols of the Gentiles with a mad service. But the king of Assyria himself will have far different thoughts, and *will not come to chastise, but to slay and utterly destroy them.* But when I have chastened My people by the Assyrians, then *woe to this rod! woe to the Assyrians! for as the instrument of my anger will I cast them into the fire.'"*

There is no possibility of confusion in this—and there should be none in our thought of the German infamies. The Germans have not come to chastise. They have "far different thoughts," and for their murder and their rapine—their depth of cruelty and calculated torture—the flames of hell await them. Let us be done forever with this weak, maudlin sentimentality that fears to hate as God hates. Do we think it Christian? Turn to Christ's own speech and act—the whip of knotted cords, the unsparing invective, "Oh generations of vipers." We cannot love until we learn to hate—and our fear of hate is but our own coward consciousness of the sin we still treasure for ourselves. There can be no condoning of sin. There is no forgiveness for it. Look where you will—turn to what race or time or scripture you will—nowhere will you find a teaching of palliation of evil, forgiveness of sin. Hatred, constant warfare, eternal destruction are the only measures than can be meted out to evil. It is the sinner, not the sin, that may be forgiven—but this forgiveness is possible only as and when he turns from the sin and is loosed from it. So long as he identifies himself with it so long is he the enemy of God and of all who love God—the enemy of all of life—yes, of his own true self. And as that enemy, hate, unsparing, uncondoning, unlessening hate, must be his portion—meted out to him by us, his brothers, as by his own real self. Let us be quite clear on this. Brotherhood is but a name unless we wage war on that which wages war on our brother—unless we strive, not to pardon, but to destroy the enemy that has usurped his true place and nullified his real will. The German people as they are today are not our brothers—in them the life of the Eternal Man is turned against itself. They are our brothers' enemy and ours.

Let us remember, also, the passage from the *Secret Doctrine* with which Mr. Judge closes his chapter on Karma—"The western Aryans had every nation and tribe like their eastern brethren of the fifth race, their Golden and their Iron ages, their period of comparative irresponsibility, or the Satya age of purity, while now several of them have reached their Iron age, the *Kali Yuga,* an age *black with horrors.* This state will last . . . until we begin acting from within instead of ever following impulses from without. . . . Until then the only palliative is union and harmony—a Brotherhood in *actu* and *altruism* not simply in name."

What do we think a Brotherhood in *actu* and *altruism* would be? What would we do when we have learned to act from within? What is the feeling and will of the soul toward the German evil let loose on Belgium and on France? What does "mutual forgiveness" mean between the soul and this. H. B. M.

"Let it be plainly understood that we cannot return to God unless we enter first into ourselves. God is everywhere, but not everywhere to us. There is but one point in the universe where God communicates with us, and that is the center of our own soul. There He waits for us; there He meets us; there He speaks to us. To seek Him, therefore, we must enter into our own interior."—Archbishop Ullathorne.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE CAUSES AND CONDUCT OF THE WAR

PART II (*Continued*)

THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR

IT would be easy to fill volumes with a recital of Germany's crimes in France. But every day brings further public record of them. A few headlines from the New York *Times* will serve to remind most people of what they have read already. "German Cruelty seen by Gerard. Tells Canadian Club of War Prisoners put in camps with typhus-stricken Russians. Children taught Savagery. Ambassador saw them shoot prisoners with arrows tipped with nails" (April 10th, 1917). "German Retreat a Vandals' Orgy . . . Graves defiled, buildings razed and Women mistreated by the Teuton invader. Saw-tooth swords found. Serrated blades bear evidence of brutal soldiery" (April 15th, 1917). "Whitlock depicts Belgians' Misery. Calls deportation of natives 'One of the foulest deeds that history records'" (April 22nd, 1917). "Belgians tortured to compel labor. Deported Civilians tied to posts and exposed for days in German camps" (July 13th, 1917).

The United States Committee on Public Information, consisting of the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. George Creel, is publishing some excellent pamphlets about the war, one of which, entitled *German War Practices,* contains a fairly complete statement in regard to deportations and forced labor. It can be obtained, free of charge, on application in writing to "The Quarterly Book Department, P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.

Many books are being published, giving the first-hand testimony of those who have fought in the trenches or who have had opportunity to visit, in France, the scenes of German outrages. Among others there is a book entitled *German Atrocities,* by the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis of Brooklyn. More convincing, if that were possible, than the catalogued testimony of official reports, is the evidence of these observers. Thus, Dr. Hillis relates (p. 53) that English officers and a French Captain were resting in a dugout at the foot of Vimy Ridge. The Englishmen were speaking of leave, and of the prospect of spending a few happy days with their families. The French Captain could not conceal his agitation. Questioned, he exclaimed: You Englishmen do not understand! Go home! To what could I go? The Germans have been in my country for a year and more. My town has gone, my home has gone. My wife is still a young woman. My little girl was quite a little girl. And now our priest writes me that my wife and my child will have babes in two months by those brutes. "And then the storm broke."

Major Corbett-Smith, in *The Retreat from Mons* (pp. 169, 170), tells us:

> "Then it was that our men first saw a little of the hideous work of the invaders upon the civilian population, and if anything more were needed to brace them up to fight to the last man, they had it in that brief hour in the recaptured town. . . . Up the main street everywhere was horrible evidence that *they* had been at work. Mingled with dead or wounded combatants were bodies of women and children, many terribly mutilated, while other women knelt beside them with stone-set faces or gasping through hysterical weeping. From behind shutters or half-closed doors others looked out, blinded with terror. But there was one thing, which for men who saw it, dwarfed all else. Hanging up in the open window of a shop, strung from a hook on the cross-beam like a joint in a butcher's shop, was the body of a little girl, five years old, perhaps. Its poor little hands had been hacked off, and through the slender body were vicious bayonet stabs."

Frances Wilson Huard, in *My Home in the Field of Honour*, and the Right Reverend Monsignor John Bickerstaffe-Drew ("John Ayscough"), in *French Windows*, both speak of the loathsome and perverted bestiality of the Germans, who, whenever compelled to retire from the invaded districts, deliberately befoul, in ways quite indescribable, cooking utensils, bureau drawers, and the personal linen of both ladies and peasants.

Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew tries indirectly to whitewash the German soldiers who are Catholics, though it is notorious that the Bavarians, who are Catholics, have been as brutal and as vicious as the Prussians, during all stages of the war. But he tells what he saw as two French peasant women showed him the homes of a village which the Germans had just evacuated (pp. 86, 89, 92).

"The staircase was only a steeper variant of the hall, a ladder of shame and shamelessness. The upstairs rooms were much worse . . . Up here there were fouler and more sickening smells," which his two guides interrupted their silence to explain in "language that English women would have been shy of." "I said, 'Devils'; what do you call it? That filth . . ."

German officers had left their imprint there.

In the poorer sections of the village, where German privates had been quartered,—

> "There was the same ruin, and havoc, and filth, and devilment: only more crowded, and more striking, and more visibly damnable for being crammed into so much smaller spaces and for being the ruin of a poorer, slower effort at decency and order and comfort. The garments were sadder, I think, because they had cost so much less money, so much more time, so much more labor. There was little here that had been superfluous; little that had stood for sheer ornament; by slow degrees the things that make the difference between poverty and ease of life had been earned and added to the home. All alike, now, lay soiled,

battered, trampled, derided, desecrated. Children's garments, fashioned by tired hands after the children had been laid to bed; men's garments patched and mended, with frugal care; the mother's own fête-clothes, saved from year to year, and never despised as out of fashion; all dragged about, fouled, torn, ruined; the bits of furniture, gathered at slow intervals, the strictest necessaries first, then the few witnesses of a late-won prosperity—an arm-chair, an escritoire—all broken, thrown down, insulted . . ."

He went forth to explore further. Speaking of himself as "the Ancient," he writes:

"He found a street of villas, each overlooking the valley, and each with a pretty garden; all empty. It was easy to enter, for the Germans had been there, and had broken the doors open. From one to another the Ancient passed, finding in each the same ruin, havoc, spoiling, desecration, filth, and shame; you would say that bands of malevolent apes had been holding spiteful, senseless, ingeniously destructive Carnival there; as though, long kept under by the superiority of Man, they had seized a moment of anarchy for revenge—not revenge of an injury, but of Man's hated superiority. So they had outraged Man's sense of decency and reverence; had marked for peculiar insult and desecration the things Man holds sacred by nature—the privacies of his women-folk, the play of his children, the shrine of his hearth."

But the Germans regard such behavior as "Knightly." It is the word the Kaiser selected as descriptive of his conduct of the war. They do not use words as we use them.

"Like some Satanic sacrament, the thing against which we battle has an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual evil. This sign is what the Prussian terms 'frightfulness.' He has given civilization abundant examples of what this means—murder of old men, of women, and of children; rape and pillage; arson and sacrilege; nameless mutilations; bombardments of defenceless towns and of harmless watering-places; sinking of passenger-ships and of vessels which carry the wounded or endeavor to aid the unhappy victims of his own sin; poison gas and liquid flame; attempts to disseminate germs of disease among man and beast [as at Bukarest]; incitements to treason and plots against those whose bread and salt he still enjoyed—nothing too vile or too low to serve his purpose" ("Prussian Frightfulness and the Savage Mind," by Louis H. Gray, a most suggestive psychological study in *Scribner's Magazine* for March, 1918).

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It is strange indeed that with such facts now so generally known, there can be people in this country, and a few even in England, who talk about negotiating peace with Germany. How can you negotiate peace with a criminal who glories in his crimes! And when will people realize at last that it is the nature of a German to make a promise, to break it, and then to laugh uproariously at the gullibility of the man who believed him? When will they understand that the only difference between a German and an Austrian is that the latter will not laugh uproariously,

but that he also will make a promise, will break it, and will then smile politely, and occasionally with pity, at the man who was so incredibly foolish as to have accepted his word about anything?

Does it still seem too remote, this world war, to warrant the sacrifices we are making? If to Americans, Germany seems far off, to Germans, America seems quite near; and perhaps it is that which counts! "America had better look out after this war," and "I shall stand no nonsense from America after the war," was the Kaiser's repeated warning to Ambassador Gerard in October, 1915 (*My Four Years in Germany*, p. 252). No one can say that America was quick to take the warning; but that is no reason why anyone should still refuse to take it.

Who are the people who ask—Must this war still go on? Is it worth while? Ought not peace to be brought about somehow?

There are men with hobbies (and some who use their hobbies as a means of livelihood), who hate the war because it distracts attention from their pet "reforms," from "social betterment," from "uplift" propaganda. They are not Pro-German; they are not exactly Pacifists: but they do everything in their power to suggest that the real difficulty which confronts us is not the conquest of Germany, but how to attract the attention of the public from the war to the "graver" issues underlying it. "Make democracy safe for the world," is their present slogan.

They may be fanatics; they may be self-seeking fanatics. In either case they are miserably blind. If Germany were to conquer the world, these would-be reformers would find themselves in a chain-gang, mining coal in Pennsylvania or digging canals in Asia Minor, as the German Imperial (or Socialist) Labor Bureau might decide. Their "reforms" would be chained up with them. In their blindness they think such dangers non-existent, just as in England, before the war, many well-meaning people, mightily exercised over Old Age Pensions or similar foibles, laughed at Lord Roberts when he told them they were not safe from invasion, and that there would be no old people left to pension, once the enemy were to land on England's shores.

Dr. Robert E. Speer, representative of this group, who is Chairman of the General War-Time Commission of the Churches, has gone so far as to suggest at a public meeting, held under Y. M. C. A. auspices, that the social and international sins of England and America are as bad as the sins of Germany, citing in proof of this, some violated treaties with American Indians and the outpourings of a Pacific Coast newspaper against the Japanese! (See protest by Professor H. B. Mitchell in the New York *Times* of February 23rd, 1918).

Once such talk is recognized for what it is, all decent people will react from it with the contempt and hatred it deserves.

But for Roman Catholics, it is not so easy to react vigorously and with clear vision, when their Irish priests insinuate, in Dr. Speer's best manner, that it would be "unchristian" to think harshly of Germany if England in consequence were to be hated less! An insane hatred of

England, based upon ignorance and jealousy, and strangely fostered by our Public School teaching of history, is as much the hobby of many a Catholic priest, as "social uplift" and the desire to force men in his own pet mold of righteousness, is the hobby of his Nonconformist counterpart. The priest should beware, however, lest he lose the best of his people, including the best of the Irish, by too flagrant a sacrifice of truth and justice on the altar of his cherished hatred. This war is so real; is so completely Christ's war, that like Him it may be said to have come "that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed," and, because of its coming, "now they have no cloak for their sin."

There is another class, with no particular hobby except that of its own intellectual superiority, and which is less demoralizing than the first, because more transparent. It affects to see the world conflict in a remote, detached way, as if observing a struggle of animalcula through a microscope. It finds gentle interest in the contortions of the participants. A few university professors and some very young students are among the leaders of this group; but it is represented in all classes of society, down to the point at which one mechanic says to another, "I don't think much of this war, does you, Bill?"

It is an attitude of superior boredom, but occasionally it becomes paternal and even solicitous, as if to say, "Now my dear children, are you not going a shade too far?" People of this group, in so far as they can be said to approve of anything, nodded wise understanding when President Wilson, in January, 1917, talked of "peace without victory."

It is difficult to say whether there is hope for them,—for these very superior people. Dante placed them on the wrong side of the door where "Abandon hope" was written. Still, when their sons or brothers are crucified by Germans, they may wake up.

A third and much larger group consists of those who are so sound asleep spiritually, that they are as incapable of an active belief in evil as of a clear perception of its opposite. Their impressions on both sides are blurred. Nothing is very evil and nothing is very good. More than that, because they find nothing in themselves which they can classify as very good or as very evil, they refuse to believe that things "can be quite as bad as all that," even when the brutal facts are presented to them. For no other reason, they dismissed the Bryce Report on German atrocities as incredible, just as today they dismiss anything which is "too" this or "too" that as incredible. That Germany would, if she could, conquer America and enslave them and their children: No, that is incredible! The words have no meaning for them. To say that they are sound asleep spiritually is only another way of saying that their imagination is inoperative. They cannot see what they have not experienced. Both Hell and Heaven for them are empty words. There is only one thing in the world that can save them, and that is suffering, because suffering is the only thing in the world that can rouse them from a sleep more terrible than that of Arctic death.

The "Internationals," who constitute the fourth group, are of two kinds. There are the Bolsheviki whose purpose is to deprive everyone of power that they themselves may possess it, and who believe in the use of force to gain their ends. Chaos, confusion and license (Satan's own brood) are their weapons, and they love these so dearly that often they sacrifice their goal for the delight of playing with their means. We have seen them at work in Russia. The I. W. W. represent them in America. But there are Socialists everywhere who are proud to claim the title of Bolsheviki.

Then there are the Bolsheviki, Socialists and others, who would repudiate the title, though their purpose also is to deprive everyone of power so that they themselves may possess it. They differ from the first kind in so far as they do not openly advocate the use of force to gain their ends. They believe intensely (and rightly) in the disintegrating power of words. They thrive on discontent. They foster "class consciousness." They make it their business to convince the workingman that he is the victim of capitalistic intrigue; that he is an oppressed slave (we read in today's papers—March 15th—that many workers at the Hog Island shipyards are making from $6,000 to $7,000 a year). These Bolsheviki of the tongue do not sneer at patriotism. They would lose supporters if they did. So, by means either direct or indirect, depending upon their audience, they preach the gospel of Internationalism, as the "larger" attitude.

The editor of *The Survey,* Paul U. Kellogg, is an adept at that sort of insinuation. "It is hoped to keep alive," he writes, "in spite of the somewhat narrow nationalism naturally engendered by war conditions, something of that 'international mind' which has always been cultivated by the churches" (*Survey,* March 16th). Incidentally, casually as it were, he gives a glimpse of his own mind—the 'international mind' *par excellence*—in his account of a Radical Labor assembly at Nottingham, England. With real unction he describes the "very evident resurgence of feeling of working-class brotherhood." The delegates, he tells us, "began with singing Connell's familiar Red Flag, which was distributed by the *Labor Herald.* They did not balk nor turn a hair at the second stanza, which runs:

"Look round—the Frenchman loves its blaze;
"The sturdy German chants in praise;
"In Moscow's vaults its hymns we sung;
"Chicago swells the surging throng.

"With one accord," he continues, "they gave the full-throated chorus for a seventh and last time at its close, singing it standing, heads up, in a great rolling bass:

"Then raise the scarlet standard high!
"Within its shade we'll live or die;
"Tho' cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
"We'll keep the Red Flag flying here."

That Englishmen could sing such words, with Belgium still bleeding beneath the heel of the German brute, he does not see as shameful, but as commendatory, because the Englishmen who sang were Socialists, and because "the sturdy German" who "chants in praise" of the Red Flag is also, presumably, a Socialist. That is to say, they both belong to an inner circle which is above the limitations of nationality and whose only real enemy is the class which believes in the principle, *Noblesse oblige*—or *défende,* as the case may be.

It was in *The Survey* of March 9th, 1918, that that lucubration appeared; and *The Survey* is supposed to be the organ of the United Charities of New York! The worst of it is, the ignorant are deceived,—the feeble-minded who make up so large a percentage of every population. Thus, in *The Churchman* of February 23rd (an organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church), we find an editorial note: "Every issue of *The Survey* brings to *The Churchman* office valuable material which we would like to share with those who perhaps have not the privilege of reading that invaluable paper."

"Internationals" of the second group are far more dangerous than those of the first. "Sit down and talk it over with the Germans; appeal to their good sense and better nature,"—is what their words appear to suggest. Superficially the suggestion, in spite of its obvious folly, might be considered harmless—even "Christian." But what bitter mockery of Christ it is in fact! For beneath the surface of the words you are asked to condone evil; you are asked to compromise with wickedness and vice; you are asked to regard a German workman, simply because a workman, as belonging to a privileged class; you are asked to forget the outraged and mutilated women, the murdered and mutilated children, of Belgium and Serbia and France; you are asked to believe that God has forgotten these light peccadillos of the past (though they are of today and tomorrow and of eternity until those shameless criminals repent), and therefore you are asked to cultivate the 'international mind' which is above differences and above frontiers and above such things as sin.

It is one of the hideous perversions of true brotherhood, undermining of all righteousness and making peace impossible because God would spew such peace out of His mouth. Yet in some cases these "Internationals" are not so intentionally corrupting as they are in actual effect. Incurably provincial and self-complacent, they are often the victims of their early environment,—refugees from places like Kalamazoo, where the editor of *The Survey* was born and where he won his spurs as a journalist. They are twin to the *mujik* who thinks America is a part of Germany. He is emancipated. He knows. Travel merely deepens the impression!

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And now we come to the question: Why is it so grievous a sin, fraught with such evil consequences, to forgive or to forget a crime until the criminal has repented? The answer is to be found in the command-

ment: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."

If you had committed some awful crime, would you wish to be treated as a comrade, as a man of honor, by men of honor? Would you wish your offence to be ignored, to be forgotten, before you had repented and before you had tried to atone for your sin? Many people, unthinkingly, would answer, Yes! But that is because, first, when you ask them to imagine themselves as criminals, they shrink automatically from crime and induce in themselves a condition resembling penitence. Unable to imagine themselves as shameless, they very properly infer that they would be entitled to forgiveness, because they would forgive anyone who had truly repented. Ask them if, having committed a crime in a moment of passion, they would wish to continue a life of crime,—and they would answer at once in the negative.

In the second place, no one could answer in the affirmative who believes really in the existence of the soul, and in character as more important than worldly credit or success. The welfare of the soul, and the improvement, instead of the deterioration of character, should, for a Christian, be matters of supreme moment. To make light of sin is to encourage sin, both in oneself and in others. A child naturally wishes to smooth things over with his parents, regardless of contrition. But no parents worthy of the name will permit matters to be smoothed over, until their child is sorry for his wrong doing. Even if he is not as yet able to understand, for instance, the enormity of lying, he must at least be made to realize that his parents regard lying as an ugly and dishonoring offence. Unable, perhaps, to repent of having lied, he must be made to repent of having offended his parents. And if his parents fail him in this (as parents, through laziness or cowardice, often fail their children), they have failed to do unto him as they ought to wish that their parents had done unto them.

There is vital need to understand this principle clearly, because all the arguments of Pacifists are based, in effect, upon failure to understand it. Do unto others as you would be done by. Treat them as souls, not merely as bodies. Think of the desire of their souls, not merely of the desire of their personalities. Think of their eternal welfare, not merely of their transitory good pleasure.

Suppose that, in a moment of madness, you had killed your mother and two out of five of your brothers. Would you wish to be treated as Pacifists advocate, thus leaving you free to murder the survivors too? Or would you wish to be shot dead before your madness could carry you further? It is because you would wish to be killed, if possible before you had murdered anyone, and certainly before you had murdered the three who had so far survived, that it is a moral and a religious duty, at this time, and until Germans collectively and individually repent of their unspeakable crimes, to kill as many of them as you possibly can,

and, if you are not in the Army or Navy, to do everything in your power to provide the sinews of war for those who fight for you.

Forgive your enemies,—of course. It is mean and small not to do so. But this refers to your *personal* enemies, not to the enemies of Christ, not to the enemies of righteousness and truth and honor. If a man insult you, it may well be your duty to overlook it, particularly if in your opinion his welfare is not your primary concern. But if a man insult your wife or your mother, would it be "Christian" to invite a repetition of the offence? No one who thinks so has the slightest understanding of Christ.

No one can love righteousness who does not hate evil. Not to hate the iniquity which Germany embodies and therefore perpetrates, is to declare oneself not only unchristian but inhuman. As a central committee of Protestant churches recently declared:

"Love is fierce as well as tender. Love alone can make a man capable of indignation like that of Christ against the selfishness and brutality which throws aside sentiments of honor and humanity for intrigue and frightfulness. It was Christ who looked into the faces of men and called them children of the Devil; who said of those who mistreated children that it were better for them that a millstone were hanged about their necks and they were cast into the depths of the sea; who uttered the amazing invectives of the twenty-third chapter of Saint Matthew. It is the duty of the church to express and arouse the conscience of the nation against the acts of the German forces in captured territory and on the high seas."

Cardinal Mercier and hundreds of prominent Catholics have said exactly the same thing. "We will revenge and punish, if it shall take seven upon seven crusades to do so," said one of the best-known of Catholic laymen, Mr. William D. Guthrie, at a mass meeting of the Parish of St. Patrick's Cathedral, held on March 10th, 1918. And he spoke for the human conscience, not for his own Church only.

The Pacifist will quote: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." But mercy and justice are His also, and even as He requires us to execute justice and to extend mercy on His behalf and in His name, He requires us likewise to revenge the befoulments of His own being which Germans of all classes have found delight in committing. To leave God to revenge Himself would be as unchristian as to withhold mercy on the ground that mercy is His prerogative.

German-Americans, if any still feel that such fiends are their brothers, should be the first to wish them punished. No man, at that stage, repents, until long-continued suffering compels him to seek for its cause. He will never find the cause, which is his wickedness, unless human justice inflicts upon him publicly the punishment which fits the crime, and maintains the pressure of that punishment, steadily and relentlessly, until the lesson has been learned and effect traced back to cause. A child who steals and who persistently steals, must discover that whenever he steals he suffers. Otherwise you confirm him in his thievery.

Pacifists who desire peace (and we assume that is what they desire) should be the first to insist upon punishment. Can a city be at peace if murderers get off scot-free? It takes two to make peace.

Do Pacifists want this war to lead to another and a worse one? Germany is already preparing for her next war. General von Freytag-Loringhoven, Deputy Chief of the German Imperial Staff, in his *Deductions from the World War* (Putnams), tells us all about it, or as much as he thinks it would be good for us to know. "Will not the general exhaustion of Europe," he asks, "after the world conflagration, of a certainty put the danger of a new war, to begin with, in the background, and does not this terrible slaughter of nations point inevitably to the necessity of disarmament to pave the way to permanent peace?" To which he replies: "World-power is inconceivable without striving for expression of power in the world, and consequently for sea-power" (p. 150). And the German Majority Socialists are as mad for world-power in their way, as von Freytag-Loringhoven and the German Crown Prince are, in theirs. Power in both cases is their goal. Might makes right, in both cases is their creed. If there is one human being whom the German Socialist despises above all others, it is the Socialist of America, or of England or France: a non-German imitation of himself. To make peace with a socialist Germany would be to make peace with the Kaiser's left hand instead of his right, and to make peace with either would be to make peace with Hell.

If politicians were to concoct a "peace" tomorrow, there would be no peace in the world so long as Germany and Austria are free. They must be captured and hand-cuffed. If the rest of the world is not strong enough to do it now, the rest of the world must either accept the overlordship of Germany, or must arm to the teeth for a final life and death struggle. Every student of German history; everyone who knows the German nature, realizes that that and no other would be the choice. No agreement will bind her. She has proved that. Nothing but force, ceaselessly exerted, will keep her in her place. Pacifists may take their choice. But every man worthy of the name, and certainly every Theosophist, would rather give his life many times over than see the world-wide triumph of treachery and outrage over honor and justice and truth.

T.

"When things are at their worst according to the world, if the calamity is rightly used, they begin to be at their best according to God."

—Archbishop Ullathorne.

ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

THE NEED FOR SELF-EXAMINATION

DR. PUSEY introduced several useful Catholic practices into the Anglican Church, or, rather, he taught his adherents to use several useful practices, which, before his day, were almost unknown outside of Catholicism. One of these was Self-examination.

Of course every religion pre-supposes the need of the examination of one's conscience, morals, ideals, and general condition, at least occasionally, but, so far as I know, no Protestant sect makes a point of this. They certainly do not inculcate it as a systematic practice and as necessary to a healthy religious life.

To find experts in the religious life we must go, with very few exceptions to the Catholic Church. Of course I am referring only to Christianity, for the mass of the really great experts are of the East. But, wherever they are, experts long ago found out the paramount value of the great Hermetic axiom, "Man, Know Thyself"; and that, if we are to obey this injunction, the only way to do so is by means of the most systematic, detailed, and repeated self-examination. Casual and general examinations of conscience are practically valueless, for at the best, it is exceedingly difficult for us to determine our real faults, our real motives for doing anything, let alone arriving at any actual understanding of our natures, of ourselves. It is said most positively that, at the beginning of the way, no one understands himself in the least. He has faults he is unaware of; his real weaknesses are likely to be just where he prides himself upon his strength; he has no knowledge whatever of his besetting sin. Indeed, few people know what is their besetting sin. You will have travelled quite far towards self-understanding before you will be capable of so profound and subtle an analysis of yourself as to reveal to your own understanding, what actually is your chief weakness, and, previous to that, if some one else should tell you, you would not believe it.

Nor is it easy to diagnose the condition of others. We can often see outstanding faults in our superiors; at least we think we can, but we are quite incapable of any real judgment of their condition. The most that can be said is that we are nearly always wrong when expressing an opinion of a superior; we may occasionally guess right about an equal; and, if trained by experience, we may have a fairly reliable judgment with regard to those below us on the spiritual ladder.

One reason for all of this is fairly simple. Suppose a disciple already almost a saint is sent into incarnation to learn self-confidence and self-reliance. This is often necessary, for nearly all disciples lose their proper self-confidence while having false self-confidence beaten out of them. What happens? They are put into an environment where they must accept responsibility and where they must be aggressive. They are urged, by life, or by actual and definite advice from their spiritual director, to cultivate self-confidence, to take the initiative, to accept responsibility, not to be afraid, etc. Such a person goes through life giving the impression of being aggressive, domineering, forceful, self-reliant, while all the time, the Master, and perhaps a few others in the secret, know that the exact opposite of what appears to be the case, is the actual besetting sin of that disciple. No; it is not easy to understand others.

The reason why self-understanding is difficult, is still simpler. One of the chief punishments of sin, of any form of self-will,—of self-indulgence, is obscurity. Just in so far as we are bad, do we create veils between our consciousness and the Divine Light. The ultimate wages of sin is death, truly, but the proximate wages of sin is ignorance—blindness.

The reason why it is so hard to convert sinners is that sinners, because of their sin, have surrounded themselves with a cloud of misunderstanding which prevents their realization of what seems to others to be obvious and self-evident truth. Who has not felt that intense exasperation with some friend who, we feel, *will* not see the truth we are so anxious to give him? Who has not dashed himself in vain against that fatuous self-complacency, which is the common armour of unrighteousness? Who has not grieved over the sterility and lack of vision which is the concomitant of self-indulgence? We meet every day, we each know scores of people; friends, relations, associates, many of them charming, intelligent, agreeable, good in the common acceptance of the word, estimable people from almost every point of view, who yet lack something we consider vital; they have no interest in religion, or in a really personal spiritual life. On the contrary, they fight shy of it as something uncomfortable and upsetting, and they smile benignly, yet with irritation very near the surface, upon our tentative and usually ill-advised efforts to draw them into the net. We think it a pity that such nice people do not make more of their lives, do not have serious interests. Their opinion of us runs all the way from thinking us weak-minded bores, to having a secret respect for us, which makes them uneasy and which they endeavour to conceal.

The trouble with such people, and their name is legion, is not so much that they do not want to be religious, as it is a genuine and honest inability to see and understand. They have by past sinning of some kind, perhaps by what we are almost inclined to call innocent sins or harmless self-indulgences, as if there really were such things, (the tendency to think of any form of self-indulgence as harmless is an evidence of *our* blindness) put themselves outside the pale of understanding. They have cut themselves off from a whole department, and the most important and fundamental department of life. They no longer have any sense of spiritual values; they are incapable of responding to religious stimuli.

Of course, this is not a permanent condition, or at any rate, it need not be so. They have inhibited their faculty of spiritual perception, not permanently and not completely, but to the point where they do not respond to ordinary incentives. It takes a very heavy jolt to wake them

up. In ordinary times, as the Divine Powers are very merciful, such people are slowly trained, by life and experience, out of this dangerous condition. When the world gets too full of such people, and the people get too sound asleep, as was the case in recent years, we have a hideous catastrophe, like the Great War, which jars many millions out of their spiritual lethargy,—and so becomes the greatest of blessings.

But we must come back to our theme. Each one of us is also full of blind spots; we too have spiritual myopia. We are lucky if we haven't also astral astigmatism. We not only do not, but also, we cannot, as we are at present, understand ourselves; and yet we must. It is, in a sense, the same old spiritual paradox. We cannot cure our faults until we know we have them, and we cannot know we have them because they have so dulled our perception that we deny their existence. It would be a hopeless *impasse* if it were not for that gift of the Divine Powers called Grace.

We are picked bodily out of the black little hell each one has made for himself and carried up into a cleared spot where there is light enough for us to make a beginning. We begin to want to be good, and we see dimly a few of the things we must try to accomplish; we see faults to correct; we see habits to get rid of; we see qualities we lack and must try to acquire. Then, with each step forward, comes more light, a greater self-understanding. Every conquest of self lifts a corner of the veil. Years of effort result in a real penitence, and finally, as we begin to be saints, we realize that we are miserable sinners. Only the Saints understand how wicked they actually are. The higher we climb, the more contemptible we find ourselves. We start thinking ourselves pretty good, when we really are very bad, and we wind up knowing ourselves to be very bad, just as we are beginning to be pretty good. There is no hypocrisy or false humility about it; it is a sober fact. The ordinary man, who keeps the Ten Commandments, thinks himself a very decent sort of person, a credit to himself, his family and his country. Lots of people think it of him, and even tell him so. His clergyman, for instance, will point him out as a shining example. But after that man has spent a few incarnations trying to live a religious life, he will begin to get a conviction of sin, and by the time his poor "cribbed, cabined and confined" soul has a chance to breathe, he will know himself to be saturated through and through with evil. About the time others begin to speak of him as a Saint, he will see himself as a sink of iniquity, for he will be comparing himself with a clear vision of what he ought to be and can become, and will know how very far he is from this ideal. He no longer contrasts himself with other people, which is the comparison we all make in order to comfort our uneasy consciences, for that no longer interests, or concerns him; it is the yawning abyss which separates him from what he ought to be, that fills him with a genuine humility. He sees that he is ten thousand miles from his goal. That others around him are ten thousand and ten miles away, no longer comforts his vanity. They may, and many will, by extra effort, overtake and pass him.

But our theme is Self-Examination, and its great need, because we have blinded ourselves by sin, by self-indulgence. The last Elementary Article spoke of the way we deceive ourselves, but our present point is that even when we want to be honest and understand ourselves we are incapable of doing so because we have lost the faculties which should enable us to understand. The cure for this condition is, like everything else in the spiritual life, a question of effort. We must make a beginning, we must try. How to do so will be the subject of the next article.

C. A. G.

A few days ago I was reading in one of the New York papers an unusually intelligent and acute account of certain phases of the present condition in Russia. the writer described among other things the mujiks' views on the United States. "I learned," he says, "a number of interesting things from the mujik concerning the United States:—that it is an English colony; that it is a part of France; that the masses are starving and a great Bolshevist revolution is in progress here; that America and Japan are now at war with Russia; that the United States itself is torn in Civil War, involving the distressing consequence that Mexico has revolted or withdrawn from the Union; and quite commonly that America is a bourgeois aristocracy where workmen are worse off than slaves." These impressions, if I might so style them, are somewhat bewildering and amazing, and are truly comic, in that the pathos of their ignorance brings the tears that mingle with our laughter.

THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY has received for review a slender book, attractively bound, entitled *The Work of the Masters,* by C. Lazenby, and reading it just now, the recently awakened mujik and his United States came cheerfully into my mind. The writer appears sincere and well meaning—one has been led to believe the same of the mujik by those who profess to know him—but in what depths of the ocean of Avidya both are submerged, while equally placid in their naïve confidence,—the greater in our astounding little book, because so frankly simple in its acknowledgment of lack of *complete* information. "I make no claims to finality," the author assures us in his Introduction; "And I hope my readers will bear constantly in mind that my statements are to be considered in the light of hints for thought, not as statements of exact knowledge." "Hence I hope no one will make a dogma of my utterances concerning our great Comrades," he adds further on in the same paragraph,—a hope which we all must fervently echo! For this book is nothing less than the biographies of ten of the Masters, some of the names used being those best known and loved by all members of The Theosophical Society. We read strange things—the veriest kaleidoscopic maze of fancy and fable shot through here and there with a glimmer of fact, but so misplaced and misunderstood as to be hardly recognizable in its garb and company. One feels in one's giddiness that astral gyrations could hardly move more breathlessly; and one has just enough intelligence remaining when the last page is turned, to realize that a sense of humour, even a *little* sense of humour, could have saved the whole situation. Laughing weakly, in an effort to establish one's own sanity, one suddenly had visions of H. P. B. reading the book, and one was sobered instantly at the sense of the consequences. No, under no circumstances, one said; never let it fall into the hands of H. P. B.!

It is hinted more than once, however, that we are not dealing with astral or psychic things: "not with any mayavic or spook forms." Certainly we are not dealing with "spooks" in the sense suggested that it may be no more than an "animated photograph," for no semblance of any photograph is here—animated or otherwise; but it would seem that we are dealing with those concentric semi-luminous whirls of psychic substance which are simultaneously cause and expression of psychic impulse.

I said we read strange things. Here are a few of them. We are told that we may "look upon the Scranton Correspondence schools and Cambridge University, the manual training schools and Leipzig University, the technical schools and Harvard University, as all parts and centers of the activity of K. H."!—(One wonders why Oxford, Yale and Chautauqua were omitted.)

We learn that another great Master will teach men in time to be *au dessus de la mêlée,* and to have "the great pride in humanity as a whole, which they now feel for a flag or a Country." (Behold the astral serpent coiled!)

Hilarion was a highly educated Englishman of the best social position thirty-five years ago, we are informed, who "had a good deal to do with keeping alight the fires of spiritual knowledge in Cambridge University." The mystery of the intervening years is not explained, but in compensation it is stated plainly that he is a reincarnation of Iamblichus!

The Master of Vibrations is telescoped with the Rajah, and the Rajah is spoken of as "this great Nirmanakaya"!—and so on, and so on.

One leaps from amazement to amazement on each page, until the distressing loss of Mexico is as nothing in comparison!

But we cannot altogether forget another side,—the pity, the infinite pity of it: that good intention, minus intelligence and understanding, should lead any form of spiritual search into such a morass as this, and, living in the midst of it, should still see it as spiritual! Better far the mujik, whose religion and philosophy are merely matters "of crossing himself whenever he encounters an icon." And there is something akin to indignation, drowned only by our pity and a certain human contempt, that even ignorance can blindly strive to drag to such low levels, if only the names of those whose splendour and loftiness place them beyond the reach of trivialities and travesties like these.

Then there is the scarcity of paper and the need for retrenchment!

G.

The Fruits of Silence, by Cyril Hepher, published by the Macmillian Co. Mr. Hepher was an editor of *The Fellowship of Science,* and is one of a group of Anglicans who have been closely associated with the Society of Friends and certain Theosophists. This book is an admirable, if limited, appeal for the right use of meditation, and for the need that there is to-day for a discovery in one's own heart of the Master's presence. "Christianity is Christ," Mr. Hepher says, and we cannot find Christ in the world until we have discovered Him in our own souls. It is to the silence of our "closet" that we must go, and it is the "Father which seeth in secret" whom we must find. In the steadily growing demand for reality in religion, men are discovering that religion and religious consolation are not to be found in the forms of religious worship, in prayer-meetings, in divine service, in Communion, unless there be attached to that form the spirit of religion, unless within that form there is a breath of divine reality, unless the Master is perceived and known directly.

This reality may most readily be achieved by entering into silence, especially "a corporate silence. It is a Fellowship of Silence, and silence in fellowship is the easiest of all silences. In it we help one another. As we seek God together the Divine Life indwelling each separate soul overflows our individual separateness, and reaching forth unites soul with soul in the unity of the One Spirit" (p. 17).

The Fruits of Silence are first "the sense of the Presence," next, "the sense of His voice and His will." These fruits come only with the actual "living of the life," come only when the heart and mind are concentrated whole-heartedly and with determination. The Inner Light is there to be found—"more than the light of conscience." And this Inner Light can only be perceived by entering into the inner darkness and mastering the power of spiritual vision latent within us. "The evolutionary transition from the faintest sensation of light to the miracle of the

human eye is as nothing to the interval that lies between the sensitiveness to the Light of God in the soul of the savage and the soul of a saint."

But one glimpse of this Light and the soul turns toward it,—penitent. "No more sins" was the first cry of St. Catherine of Genoa. With penitence comes a new power, the first great active fruit of Silence, and that is the power to intercede, the power to help others. "The Intercession of Silence" is at once the main theme and the lesson of Part II; for it should be the prayer of the non-combatant half of the Christian Church to-day. Intercession can be learned; it is a vital necessity, and therefore *must* be learned. "Sacrifice is the stuff of which great prayer is made" (p. 149), but there is the sacrifice of intercession as well as the soldier's gift of his life. "The Church must be England's penitent before she can be England's intercessor." The sacrifice of the intercessor is a sacrifice of will—it is the essence of sacrifice, "the will to give oneself wholly and without reserve to God and man" (p. 157). "Not words but longing is his prayer." "Our capacity to influence others is in proportion to our capacity to focus and concentrate our whole unified being, first upon God, and then upon those we desire to help" (p. 48).

"First upon God"—that is the lesson which men must learn. All other commandments depend upon the "first and great." Our ability to help our brother, to love our brother, depends on our love of God, upon our self-dedication to God.

Mr. Hepher has had experience, and he speaks with the assurance and the tolerance of genuine conviction. "Repetition, when it is not vain repetition, is half-way along the road to silence"—thereby uniting the Buddhist prayer-wheel with the Rosary. "Any man can make an occasional effort in prayer, but perseverance in things spiritual demands discipline. In any campaign it is the steady disciplined work of the trained man that turns the scale. Such discipline is as vital to the soul, and as essential in the spiritual task as in the industrial or military." In this recognition we find the justification of the religious Orders of the Church. "The Church needed a spiritual Kitchener to recruit and train its army of intercessors." What the world does not yet realize is that Kitchener could have taught the world how to pray better than most accredited religious teachers.

This little book reveals a very mellow spirit, and is earnest and sincere. It has also the merit of definiteness. "Spiritual things are spiritually apprehended, and only spiritually. Spiritual truth is not unfolded to the intellect without the Spirit" (p. 30). The silence of meditation is a means to an end—"it liberates the spiritual in man,"—it is the path of union with the Voice of the Silence.

One thing we regret. "What is the attraction of Theosophy and Christian Science to so many minds? Certainly not the astonishing dogmas that they propound. It is, I believe, the method of spiritual development, the initiation into the mysteries of meditation, and the strong emphasis on the presence of God in the soul and upon the immanence of the spiritual within the material, that is the secret of their power" (p. 121). We deplore the fact that Mr. Hepher has evidently come in contact with one of the many pseudo-theosophies, not with Theosophy itself,—otherwise he could not have spoken of its "dogmas," nor have coupled it with Christian Science.

The constitution of the Society reads (Article V, 2) "Every member has the right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy, and to declare such belief or disbelief without affecting his standing as a member of the Society, each being required to show that tolerance of the opinions of others which he expects for his own." By-Law 38 reads: "No member of the Theosophical Society shall promulgate or maintain any doctrine as being that advanced or advocated by the Society." On the back cover of the QUARTERLY will be found the words: "The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose . . ." Mr. Hepher is right in stating that the attraction to Theosophy cannot and never will come from "dogmas." In the very fact of their being dogmas, they cease being Theosophy. Theosophy may best

be described, perhaps, as an attitude and a life, and its power comes truly from the "immanence of the spiritual within the material." But the recognition of this, if it be expounded as a dogma, is cramping and limiting the reality into forms and words. There can be no dogmas that hold life, for soon or late life will expand, and outgrow or burst the form. Societies or people who use the name of Theosophy and at the same time dogmatize, in the very nature of things belie the name they use. The light they have obtained from experience will be so distorted and colored as to mislead and darken rather than to illumine.

Mr. Hepher's book is to be recommended to readers of the QUARTERLY.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

The Vision Splendid, by John Oxenham, published by George H. Doran Co., at $1.00, is a book of poems inspired by the war. They are religious in the widest and best sense. Read unmoved "The Ballad of Jim Baxter"—if you can. Read "One Mother," and see what the war has taught. But of the author himself one says,—A man who has suffered, and who has found the Eternal. The Vision Splendid, he says, is the Cross Victorious. H.

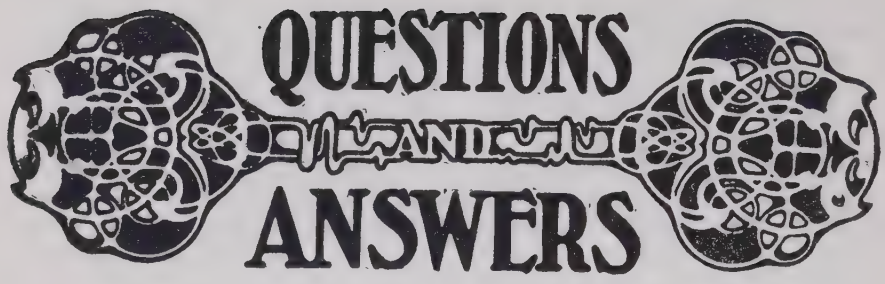
The United States and Pan-Germania, by André Chéradame, the author of *The Pan-German Plot Unmasked,* is published by Scribners at 50 cents. The author again sets forth the vitally important facts which his earlier work called to public attention—knowledge of which is essential to an understanding of the war—and then shows why it is that the United States, for its own protection as well as for righteousness' sake, must throw its full weight into the conflict and must never turn back until Germany and Austria-Hungary have been brought to their knees. More specifically, he shows that there can be no peace in the world so long as Germany is allowed to keep in subjugation the Slavs, Czechs, Poles, Roumanians and Italians whose misfortune it is to live within the Austrian Empire, and that the people of that Empire, which is Germany's base for her Berlin-Bagdad-World-Dominion programme, must, for the world's preservation, be set free. H.

A Crusader of France, by Captain Ferdinand Belmont, with an Introduction by Henri Bordeaux, is the English translation of *Lettres d'un officier de Chasseurs Alpins.* It is published by E. P. Dutton & Co., at $1.50, and is one of the best books written about the war. The author, who was killed in action in 1915, was a deeply religious man. But he was also by nature a poet and a philosopher. His letters give a moving and illuminating picture of his own inner development, as the war beat upon him and as he re-acted to its tremendous claims. He attained an astonishing detachment, but, as M. Bordeaux says, warmed and purified it "in the flame of charity and divine love." "He himself had gradually loosened the bonds which held him to the earth, and when God called him, He found him free."

H.

Meditations Dans La Tranchée, by Lieutenant Antoine Redier, may be remembered by readers of the QUARTERLY as having been referred to, more than once, in the "Screen of Time." It has now been translated into English and is published by Doubleday, Page and Company, under the title *Comrades in Courage,* price $1.40. It is an admirable and most interesting record, not only of the growth of a human soul but of the broadening and deepening of a human intellect as the result of life in the trenches.

There is much in it that will be displeasing to Socialists, Bolsheviki, and people with similar obsessions; because the author has come face to face with the facts of life, and is honest enough to recognize the lessons which such facts instil. H.



QUESTION No. 220.—*What can we learn from the Great War about Karma and its workings?*

ANSWER.—As Karma is the working of inner things out to the surface, we might think of this war as the working out to the surface of all that the different nations have been building into their national character. And as the nation is made up of individuals, it would appear that the small everyday choices which determine the character of the individual, must have been potent in ranging the nations, some on the side of the White Powers, some under the control of the Black Forces, the powers that make for Evil. Can those who regard Karma as absolute compassion, as an expression of love, mercy, and "poetic justice," reconcile this view with the position in which the Central Powers are now placed? One answer might be that mercy would be exemplified by making conditions such that the impurities within those nations and their peoples might be allowed to work out (no matter what form that took) instead of being allowed to stay within their natures, thereby producing corruption and death. Would it be their good or their bad Karma that lead them into such a plight? In that question we have the statement of one of the paradoxes surrounding this whole law of Karma; from the point of view of Higher Manas whatever made for purification would seem to be good, no matter what the pain or the loss; from the point of view of Lower Manas the opposite conclusion might be reached.

We have been told that in order to understand the War it is necessary to look at it as one moment in that everlasting conflict between Good and Evil that must endure until the whole world is redeemed; it is waged ceaselessly in the inner world, and occasionally externalized as at the present. In 1914, men were apparently so convinced of everlasting peace that they had given themselves to fox-trotting, speculation, and social reform; war was declared, and they were rudely awakened from their dreams. As viewed by the Lords of Karma the only change in the situation then must have been the extent to which men had become aware of it; to which they willed to enter into it.

What brought about the externalization of the war? We can only surmise that under cyclic law the time had come when the Lords of Karma could risk bringing the conflict to the surface—where man's active coöperation was demanded, where his course might be temporarily decisive. It is interesting to speculate as to the length of time by which their decision preceded the outbreak of hostilities. We can image to ourselves the situation when the forces of Evil discovered that there was to be open contest in this external world, which they must regard as peculiarly their own domain; we can see the devils exultantly seeking out their own in each country, whispering into every attentive ear the false doctrine of Socialism, saying in many different tongues,—"Lo, we are all brothers!" We ask ourselves, was it necessary that some nations should have been found to represent their cause? Was Germany doomed, by its past Karma, to be their tool? What turned England's wavering of early August, 1914, into a brave declaration for the right? It was Russia's determination, in July, 1914, to mobilize her forces that was made the ostensible occasion for the entry of Germany into the quarrel between Austria

and little Serbia—thus precipitating Europe into war. How does it happen that Russia, then so determined, is now a great disintegrating mass, dangerous alike to friend and foe? When Russia saw her duty clearly, our own country was deep in the drugged sleep that looked like the sleep of death. How was it that this country was finally aroused, in time to gain the chance to fight side by side with the Heavenly Hosts? There is the once lordly kingdom of Spain, taking no part in this contest. Is its present ease, its freedom from toil and suffering, the measure of its past good Karma? Or might we venture the conclusion that the amount which a nation is permitted to suffer for the Master's Cause is, as in the individual case of Joan of Arc, a gauge of its worthiness rather than of its offences? What quality has made the French the leaders in this warfare, and through what past experience was that vision and that ardour gained? It has been hinted in the QUARTERLY that France is the chosen land of the Master Christ? Might the triumph of the cause to which she is so completely giving herself mean the establishment of His outward and visible kingdom upon the earth? Would this mean the externalization of a part of the spiritual Hierarchy? Is the cycle of the Adept Kings to return?

There are endless questions that present themselves about the part played long ages ago by the souls that now guide the destinies of the warring nations. How did they then align themselves; how did they make the Karma which has placed them where they are to-day? We may not lift that veil as yet, but as this conflict advances we do see thrown into wonderfully vivid colouring that web of Karma's weaving which "binds together men and nations in a pattern of marvelous beauty." Intricate relations which are usually open only to the eyes of the spiritual powers are by this conflict made clear for those who care to see. Indeed so much is now forced to the surface, consequences follow so quickly and so unmistakeably on the heels of action, that we should be wise to study and store up for use in future lives the revelation of spiritual law now so openly made.

Take the case of Belgium, whose very name breathes honour. A few years ago she stood calmly by, first conniving in and then sharing in, the unspeakable cruelties which her mad king inflicted on the natives of the Congo. By what act of "poetic justice" was that Belgium galvanized into the Belgium of King Albert and Cardinal Mercier? At which period in her history can we imagine that she would seem richer, happier, more fortunate in the eyes of the Lords of Karma?

Where could we find a more vivid picture of rapidity of Karmic action than in Russia? Hurried into war, lacking guns, ammunition, in fact everything save men, that goes to the making of a great army,—how splendidly she fought and sacrificed so long as she saw this as a contest to be waged for God and Czar and home! Then we see the idealists listening to voices that bade them centre their efforts at home, and seize this time of confusion to right the governmental wrongs that their people had suffered. They probably did not see this as treachery to their Allies, but dreamed of the quiet and peaceful establishment of a better form of government for Russia, while all eyes were fixed on the world war. So they raised the old battle cry of "liberty, freedom and equality" which has never failed to make its appeal to the baser passions of men—and shortly Russia was on fire; Socialism was rampant; then, so quickly did the fire run, Socialism was too conservative for the masses who, forgetting everything except their greed, opened their gates to Anarchy and the Bolsheviki—who at least dared to put into practice the theories which Socialists the world over had proclaimed. In the name of the Brotherhood of Socialism we hear them calling upon their German fellows not to advance upon Russia, consistently exemplifying the principles of their common cause. It is evident that this cry has been answered by an uneasy stirring in Germany, but the German army's advance was not halted. Instead we have another object lesson on the big screen of current history, showing again that the Brotherhood of the dark powers, based upon selfishness and aggression, holds firm only when it is to the

separate advantage of each participant that it should; only when no sacrifice of one for the others is demanded. Already there are signs that the Socialists of America are questioning the position of their brothers in Germany, charging them with being untrue to the cause of Socialism, although to us it might seem that German Socialists were showing out consistently the evil wishing on which their theory of government is based. Is it possible that the contrast between true and false Brotherhood may yet be made so plain on the steppes of Russia that all the right-minded, true-hearted people of every nation may be rallied in conscious recognition of the issues really at stake in this episode of the great spiritual war—may finally, and deliberately take their places under the banner of the Master for the external conquest of this world, for the establishment of His kingdom, outwardly a part of the Kingdom of the Heavens?

Several writers in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY have declared that the Theosophical Movement has in this century accomplished what it has never been possible to do before—that the impetus brought by the Lodge Messenger in the last quarter of the 19th century has been carried over the turn of the century. This would imply that in maintaining outer connection with the White Lodge the Theosophical Movement must also have attracted the special notice of the Black Lodge; seeds of evil, lying dormant in men's hearts, must have been quickened by the same outpouring of force that has quickened the seeds of aspiration and devotion. In some sense, therefore, we might find warrant for saying that it has been the Karma of the Theosophical Movement to bring into the world this greatest of all world wars.

C. H.

QUESTION No. 221.—*If all true religion is based upon theosophical principles, why is it that the church (or some church) does not formally acknowledge and teach Theosophy, and be the center of all theosophic thought, instead of the Theosophical Society?*

ANSWER.—The form of this question would be improved by the omission of its first word, "if"; because the hypothesis, suggested by the "if," is not a hypothesis at all, but solid fact. Why then do not the Churches make themselves centres of the Theosophical teaching? Because the Churches, to their great loss, in most cases, shake upon the sands of conjecture and speculation instead of standing firm upon the rock of Truth.

The Theosophical Society is a small piece of leaven working silently and hidden. In time, through the work of the T. S. the Churches will become centres of Theosophical teaching. The T. S. may then be able to disband, possibly.

C. D.

ANSWER.—Theosophy is not a body of dogmas. It means "divine wisdom," and is "practically a method, intellectually an attitude, ethically a spirit, and religiously a life." If every truth ever enunciated at the meetings of the Thesophical Society were to be formally acknowleged and taught by the churches there would be no less need for the Society. As a sphere cannot be mapped on a flat surface without distortion so Truth cannot be cramped into formulas and dogmas, nor can it be contained in any one mind. Each man sees from his own angle his own little piece. For anything approximating a true view, the synthesis of many minds and many viewpoints is required. The Theosophical Society has no dogmas and by its constitution can have none. It is and must be kept a free platform where opportunity is given for such a synthesis. It is "a missionary organization for the conversion of men to their own ideals." It makes the Buddhist a better Buddhist and the Christian a better Christian. It does not seek to make the Buddhist a Christian, or the Christion a Buddhist.

Two travelers start for New York, the one from Washington, the other from Albany. Their goal is the same yet the one goes north and the other south and both are right. The Theosophical Society would have each man follow his own

highest light, that "dim star that burns within" till it leads him to his own Master and his own immortality.

ANSWER.—*Theosophy and the Theosophical Society,* by H. B. Mitchell, obtainable from the Quarterly Book Department, contains the answer to this question and much else of great value.

ANSWER.—A house rests on one foundation, but each room may be different. For convenience, each room will be different in arrangement, furnishings and even decoration. For any church to assume the position of the T. S. would it not have to include all churches? Would there not result a distinct loss, in the failure to give racial, and even individual, expression. I try to be a follower of Christ, because I belong in the West. Had Karma made me an East Indian perhaps I should use the room in the mansion dedicated to Gautama Buddha. But whichever church I belong to, I may still be a loyal F. T. S. Is the mass ready to take this position? Would not an Army lose if regimental pride were wiped out? Yet all soldiers are loyal to the Army.

G. WOODBRIDGE.

ANSWER.—Has any church ever avoided dogma? Is there any church that is not an organization with some form of discipline or rule? These questions may suggest answers to this question. Holmes, in either the *Creed of Christ* or the *Creed of Buddha* (books well worth reading, by the way), points out that the Soul being infinite cannot be limited; hence cannot be defined, and, therefore, cannot be proved, but, once cognized, ratiocination will then work and strengthen faith. A church must insist on the existence of the soul as a matter of dogma—there would be no other basis for its discipline or rule. The T. S. insists only on tolerance—unflinching, never-failing tolerance. P.

ANSWER.—Study of the teachings of Our Lord Jesus Christ, in comparison with the teaching of the Lord Siddartha, or the Lord Krishna, seems to develop a marked similarity; yet there is not duplication. There appears to be a drawing upon a common source of teaching; yet there is not identity of expression; nor of application. Each Great Teacher seems to have recognized a different phase of understanding in the multitudes addressed, however close may be the inner Teaching to disciple, chela or lanoo. Would a typical citizen of Chicago enjoy the same form of worship; the same angle of truth, that would suit a typical resident of Benares or Hyderabad? Could a church face these differences without weakening its position? Is not a church an organization of people of similar tastes? Is not Theosophy what Professor Mitchell calls it in *"Theosophy and the Theosophical Society"* (which the inquirer might well write for to the Book Department)? Could a church so extend its limits? Could a church rest on so universal a platform—and have any strength of organization left? S.

NOTICE OF CONVENTION

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 21 Macdougal Alley, New York, on Saturday, April 27, 1918, beginning at 10.30 a. m.

2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are *earnestly requested* to send proxies. These may be made out to the Assistant Secretary, Miss Isabel E. Perkins, 349 West 14th Street, New York; or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.

4. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10.30 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. At 8.30 p. m. there will be a regular meeting of the New York Branch of the T. S., to which delegates and visitors (members and non-members) are cordially invited. On Sunday, April 28th, at 3.30 p. m., there will be a public address at the Little Thimble Theatre, northwest corner, 8th Street and Fifth Avenue, open to all who are interested in Theosophy. The regular Notice of the Convention, sent to the Branches in February, was in error in stating that this lecture would be at the Hotel St. Denis, which is no longer available.

Ada Gregg,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

February 28, 1918.

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The classification of these books, as Devotional, Introductory, and Philosophical is for the convenience of those who may wish some guide in making selections; it is only an approximation. Books are bound in cloth unless otherwise indicated.

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THE QUARTERLY BOOK DEPARTMENT,
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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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